February 28, 1950

How Beulah-Land Came to Boston

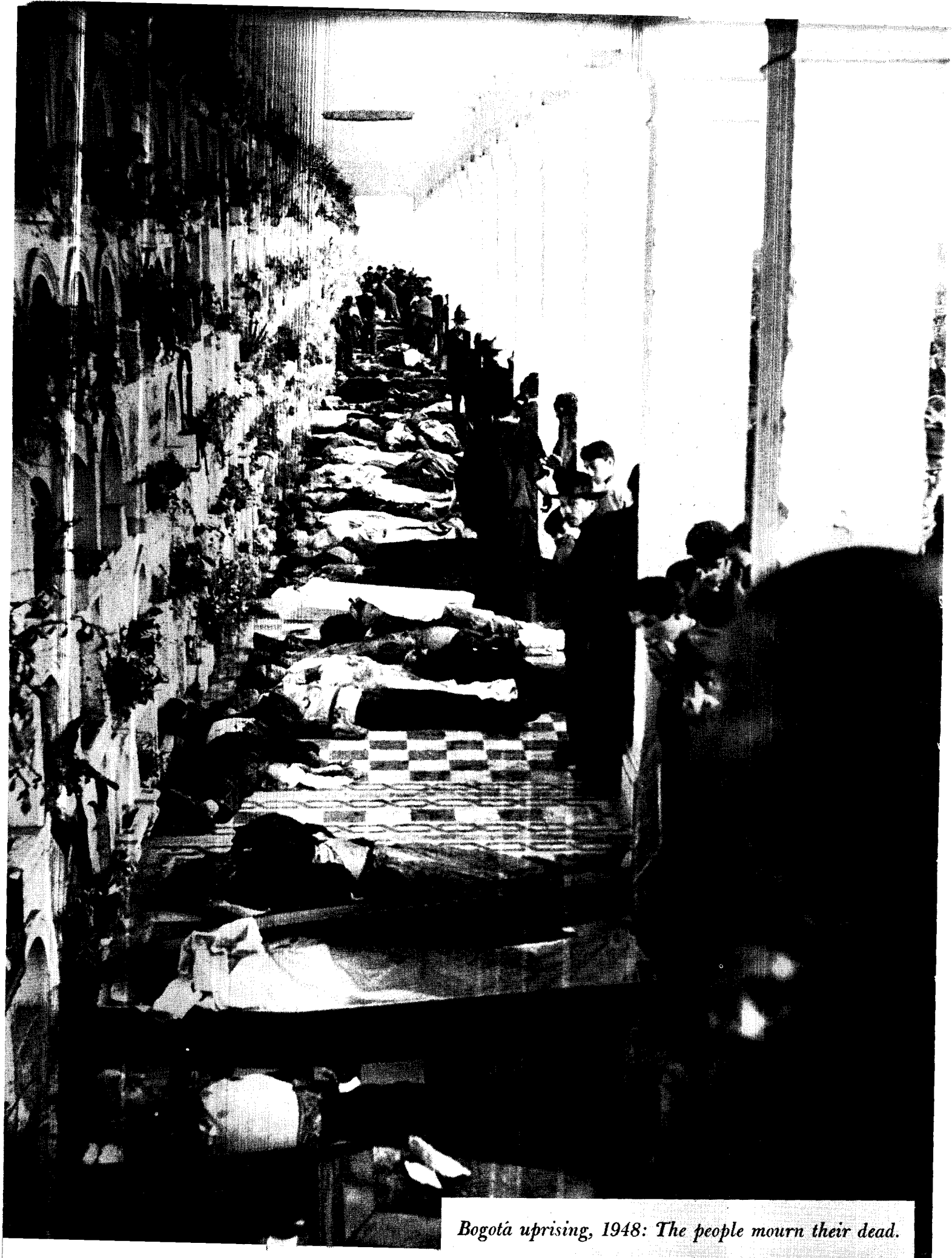
by Arthur W. Hepner

The Reporter

DICTATORSHIP IN THE AMERICAS

25¢

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bogotá uprising, 1948: The people mourn their dead.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter's Notes

Let's Talk Death

What language can we talk to the Russians? The men responsible for our foreign policy loathe the idea of sitting down with them again to negotiate on atomic control, international disarmament, peace with Germany and Japan—anything that has been or may become a subject for Russian-American discussion. The U. S. representatives remember only too well what has happened over and over again since 1945. Their ears are still ringing with Vishinsky's nerve-wracking tirades. They still suffer the agony of the minutes, the hours, and the days of unendurable listening.

There is no use talking democracy to the Russians: They mean "people's democracy." There is no use discussing peace with them: They do not stand by the pacts they sign. Everything we say they distort; every mote they find in our eye they denounce as a gigantic beam. Spare us the torture of another try, our leaders say.

Who can blame them? And at the same time who can blame the millions of people in our country and in every country who want to have at least one more try, for the hydrogen bomb may be ready any time, and when it is, anything may set it off. As Senator McMahon has put it, as practically every man and woman in the world puts it, "What are we going to do about it?"

One thing is certain: The Russians, as well as we, belong to the human breed. So far Lysenko has not produced any radical variation from the type of creature that, according to the Bible, God made in His own image. They have another thing in common with us: They, as well as we, hate death.

Moreover, an atomic war would almost certainly destroy what the Communist leaders are most anxious to capture—us and all our productive equipment. Actually, as the people who know constantly tell us, the release of a fairly large number of man-made chunks of sun would render the earth unfit for any form of life. Stalin, the man who fathered the theory of "socialism in one country," is certainly aware of the fact that an atomic war would lead to the death of one planet.

On this awareness we can rely—not on any common ideal, nor on any Russian signature. An anti-suicide compact—just that—is imperative for the Russians as well as ourselves. Let's call it "The Animal Compact."

The Russians are engaged in an experiment to reduce man to an automaton and his thinking to the playing of phonograph records. For our part, we cherish freedom and cannot live without it. The Russians are not interested in freedom, but they are interested in food and tractors. They know they must reach a high national standard of living if they are to verify the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist doctrine. Our system can provide human beings with better food, better lodgings, better living conditions, than all the Russian Five Year Plans. Our system constantly grows and changes; it is inventive and creative. When it works well, it makes men free. Because of the superiority that freedom gives us, it is up to us to take the initiative in removing the threat of planetary death and in helping all the people of the world—at least those who want to be helped—raise their standard of living.

Let's not talk peace or world government to the Russians—just death and the standard of living. It is not a ransom of fifty or a thousand billion dollars, that can save us and the rest of the human race, but the determination to use all the know-how and the heart we have to shake off this universal fright and show human beings all over the world that life can be made worth living.

In the meantime, it would be advisable to eliminate all contacts with the Russians that lead only to exasperating friction and waste of time. Let's talk to them only about the barest facts of death and life. They can catch up with us in manufacturing bombs, but in improving the conditions of life we have a head start on them that they will never overcome.

What's Wrong with Acheson?

Even those who consider Dean Acheson our best Secretary of State since Henry Stimson often complain that he is not positive or assertive enough, that his voice is not pitched high enough to reach the people and give them the reassuring feeling that he is taking them into his confidence. Every one of his major statements shows the breadth of his vision and the depth of his understanding. But even when he approaches eloquence, his abiding devotion to ideals and moral principles seems to make him shy away from sermonizing or rhetoric.

Perhaps this is what is wrong with Secretary Acheson: He is the kind of man who has a great deal to say, but under no circumstances can bring himself to hire a hall.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Thinking-Machines

To the Editor: I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Dwight Macdonald that he has "no special qualifications" for making the "sweeping criticism" of the New York *Times* which he nevertheless had the temerity to make in your issue of February 14.

Referring to the *Times* as "the country's most respected newspaper," Macdonald (I shall not make the mistake of "reinforming" anyone that he was "christened Dwight") writes that "It prints more news than any other paper in the world" and concurs in the widespread opinion that "the *Times* is wholly free from bias, slanting, suppression, and special-pleading." But that is only saying what everybody already knows. In order to shock his readers into finishing his article, which, as he says of the *Times*, "takes far too long to read for what is in it," he deplores the *Times's* "lack of critical discrimination" and says that it fails to present "a clear or coherent picture of the day's news."

It would hardly be sporting to advise Macdonald where to look for newspapers whose "critical discrimination" is unswerving and whose "picture of the day's news" is so clear as to be unmistakable to even the stupidest reader. His recommendations for a rigid departmentalization of all human activities in newspaper coverage are as old and as unrealistic as that peculiar American institution, the news magazine.

Finally Dwight Macdonald (what the hell!) asks querulously if it's fair for the readers to be expected "to do *all* the work on the *Times*." There are still a few people (and a few newspapers) who believe that it's up to the citizens of a democracy to figure out the answers for themselves on the basis of the facts given them. It's a complicated business, to be sure, but there seems to be no reliable short cut. We should be thankful for the overgenerous *Times* and suspicious of the facile oversimplifications that come from the efficient thinking-machines Macdonald prizes so highly.

JANET KAMMERER
Boston, Massachusetts

Reflections at Sundown

To the Editor: It appears to me that Llewellyn White, in his otherwise excellent article on the sale of the New York *Sun*, entitled "The *Sun* Goes Down," in your February 14 issue, misses certain points.

A salient one is the utter demolition of what I shall call the Old Sports Page Myth —the superstition, in the newspaper business, that an outstanding sports page will bring in circulation where all else fails. Certainly, the *Sun* had by far the best sports page of the New York afternoon papers; indeed, there has hardly been a sports department in any metropolitan daily —with the exception of the *Herald Tribune* before Stanley Woodward was fired—that was anywhere close to it. The *Sun's* sportswriters were literate men; one can only hope that all of them land excellent berths.

By contrast, one must say that the spadework put in by certain columnists of the defunct journal looked very much like gravedigging. One now reads that at least two of them have been snapped up eagerly by other afternoon newspapers whose editors, evidently, never had heard of Jonah. Those columnists' persistent advocacy of the principles of Hoover and Landon evoke revival of the old wheeze: "They'll never replace the hearse."

Most important of all, the *Sun* grew away from the city that gave it sustenance: Its local coverage—with the exception of a Pulitzer Prize series on waterfront crime (mentioned by Mr. White in his article)—ranged from nil to laughable. If you really want to know what killed the *Sun* look at its last front-page-above-the-fold. Two of the five stories there are local and staff-written—on the demise of the *Sun* itself; the other three are what ruined the paper —bloodless, pallid stuff straight off the Associated Press teletype.

Now, AP may be, as it boasts, "the dateline of reliability"; but it is also the dateline of dullness, and its over-use by a newspaper indicates non-enterprise and/or short-sighted economy on the part of the publisher. So prevalent was the AP dateline in the *Sun* during its declining years that I was faintly surprised not to see it on the stories of the *Sun's* fold-up. (Now that the AP's chief New York repository is gone, one wonders where the denizens of the Associated Press Building in Rockefeller Center will look locally to see their yawn-provokers in print.)

In short, it appears to me that *Sun*down was brought on not so much by a rotation of the earth (as your secondary headline implies) as by the slow eclipse of a good editorial staff by the business department.

A. H. EDWARDS
New York City

Contributors

Thomas Greene is the pen name of an expert on Argentine affairs. . . . Robert J. Alexander studied labor relations in Latin America on a grant-in-aid from the U. S. Office of Education after serving with the Labor Division of the Office of Inter-American Affairs. He now teaches at Rutgers University. . . . Hart Preston formerly edited the Latin American section in *Time* magazine. . . . Albert C. Hicks is the author of *Blood in the Streets: the Life and Rule of Trujillo*. . . . Jack Corbett, an economist, specialized in Latin American affairs for the Department of State and the War Shipping Administration. He has been adviser to the governments of Mexico and Equador on economic problems. . . . Germán Arciniegas, former Colombian Minister of Education, now teaches Latin American literature at Columbia University in New York. . . . Arthur W. Hepner, former Nieman Fellow, is a free-lance writer. . . . Beverley Bowie wrote *Operation Bughouse*, a satirical novel about the wartime O.S.S. . . . James Sharp does political reporting for the New Orleans *Item*. . . . A. Den Doolaard, Dutch author and journalist, is American correspondent for *De Gelderlander*. . . . Samuel G. Welles has just returned from an extensive tour of Southeast Asia. August Heckscher writes for the editorial page of the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . Cover by S. Greco. Photographs from Black Star.

The Editors

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

February 28, 1950 Volume 2, No. 5

Dictatorship in the Americas

Fascism in Our Neighborhood	*Max Ascoli*	Page 4
Perónism: Fact and Fantasy		
1. Juan and Evita in Action	*Thomas Greene*	6
2. Crossfire—Labor and Army	*Arthur Carter*	8
3. Perón's Labor Missionaries	*Robert J. Alexander*	9
Murder in Peru	*Hart Preston*	11
Target: Bolivia	*Albert C. Hicks*	13
Our Best Cash Customer	*Jack Corbett*	15
Triumph of a Shy Dictator	*Germán Arciniegas*	17

Here and Abroad

To Man's Measure . . . — *Gouverneur Paulding* — 20
Traitors and national survival

How Beulah-Land Came to Boston — *Arthur W. Hepner* — 22
The Rev. Billy Graham blazes a new sawdust trail

Queen of the Democrats — *Beverley Bowie* — 26
Mrs. India Edwards keeps the ladies in the party's eye

Morrison of New Orleans — *James Sharp* — 29
The reform mayor has learned some old vote-getting techniques

Freebooters of Indonesia — *A. Den Doolaard* — 32
Westerling and his RAPI harass the young republic

Viet Nam—Roadblock to Communism — *Samuel G. Welles* — 35
The ex-colony seeks our aid against Reds within and without

Books

A Puritan Message for Moderns — *August Heckscher* — 38
A review of Perry Miller's *Jonathan Edwards*

Gable's Secrets—Pocket-Size — *Robert K. Bingham* — 40
Notes on the definitive study of the Gable-Ashley nuptials

Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli; *Managing Editor:* Philip Horton; *Assistant Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *National Affairs Editor:* Llewellyn White; *Foreign Editor:* Leland Stowe; *Economics Editor:* Vincent Checchi; *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* William A. McIntyre; *Production Manager:* Anthony J. Ballo; *Staff Writers:* Richard A. Donovan, James M. Minifie, Gouverneur Paulding, Claire Neikind. Robert K. Bingham. Douglass Cater; *Co-Publisher:* Ik Shuman; *Business Manager:* Joseph F. Murphy; *Advertising Manager:* Houston Boyles; *Sales Promotion Manager:* L. Marshall Green.

The Reporter: Published every other Tuesday by Fortnightly Publishing Company. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Application for entry as second class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879 is pending. Copyright 1950 by Fortnightly Publishing Company. Subscription price, United States, Canada, U. S. Possessions, and Pan American Postal Union: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $10. All other countries, One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Editorial, Advertising and Circulation Offices, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

Fascism in Our Neighborhood

For the last few years, "global" has been the word. There is always one such word making the rounds—endowed, like John L. Lewis's District 50, with a catch-all quality. Ten or twelve years ago the word was "hemispheric."

The idea of hemispheric isolationism, with its trappings of good neighborliness and good will among all Americans, North and South, had been lingering throughout the prewar New Deal. It was thought then that the solidarity of the twenty-two American nations, all respecting each other's sovereignty, juridical equality, and ways of living, represented a pattern that the rest of the world had not been wise enough to adopt. When the Second World War began, and the leading New Dealers had to acknowledge its global character, the idea of hemispheric isolation was taken over by a large section of the anti-New Deal America-Firsters. During the war, when we needed the Latin American nations on our side, hemispheric solidarity—not isolationism—and inter-American good will became the tenets of a U.S.-sponsored, all-American creed. That was the time when it was decided to rechristen Sixth Avenue in New York Avenue of the Americas.

Since 1945 the flurry of good neighborliness seems to have died down. The people south of the Rio Grande bitterly resent this. During the war many Latin Americans were inclined to look upon the representatives of U. S. economic or promotion agencies, who filled the hotels of their capitals, as carpetbaggers. But they were strange carpetbaggers, who handed out wealth instead of pocketing it. Their presence created misgivings; but their leaving was sorely felt. The same people who had the misgivings now cannot forgive us for the soreness. From Pearl Harbor to V-J Day, the most thoughtful Latin Americans knew that if their countries were spared by war, they would not be spared by peace, and that with the coming of peace the North American Santa Claus would have to spread his bounty over a big and needy world.

These fears have been largely vindicated. In our own country public opinion does not seem to know what to make of Latin America—whether it is a superfluous continent that two world wars have passed by or an oversized island of peace, filled with good neighbors and good customers. It would be wiser on our part to be neither cynical nor sentimental about Latin America, but hard-boiled and kind, for there is fascism down there, or something that looks very much like it. And wherever there is fascism, Communism is just around the corner.

The Belated Coming-of-Age

When everything is said, the good-neighbor policy has been a success. Perhaps we are not loved as much as we would like in Latin America, but we are no longer distrusted. Ever since the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, our government has proved that it can deal on a basis of equality with countries unequal to us in wealth and power. The record of the good-neighbor policy unquestionably proves that in our political and business dealings with nations smaller and poorer than our own we have learned how to avoid entirely colonialism and imperialism.

The dominant fact in present-day Latin America is the ever-increasing, all-pervasive North American influence. Intelligent Latin Americans have become aware of the time lag in the development of their own countries. The obvious standard by which to measure their lag is the United States. This is a fact to which some of them are reconciled and some are not. But it is a fact.

The urge to catch up marks the beginning of industrialism in countries which are just starting to take possession of themselves and measure their economic potential. It marks the beginning of national existence, because it is only in our day that modern means of communication and transportation have given nations a chance for economic development. Everything seems to be at the beginning in the national spheres of activity. But this is happening just at the time when the interdependence of nations appears at least as important as their independence, and when the economic absurdity of many boundary lines has become glaring.

Some of the most acute Latin American problems

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are a result of this belated coming-of-age. Others can be found in countries that have had full experience with industrialism and democracy. Perhaps the most serious of these problems is the breakdown of political parties in nearly all the nations where the multi-party system ever had a trial. The middle class is expected to be strengthened whenever industrialism really gets under way; but unfortunately the traditional parties of the middle class, the so-called radicals, have proved as ineffectual in Argentina and in several other Latin American countries as they did in France. It is frequently said that the United States should encourage the democratic forces in Latin America. But the trouble is that the old democratic parties are dying out and the young new democratic forces have not yet had a chance to gain power.

Fascism—Latin Version

These conditions are ideal for the growth of fascism. Fascism grows whenever the democratic political parties decay and their leaders appear unfit to rule. It grows when a nation is advanced enough to have such typical democratic institutions as trade unions, compulsory education, and organs for the planning and control of the national economy—institutions that fascism captures and runs to perpetuate its grip on the nation.

Fascism is democracy without freedom—an organized, well-disciplined attempt to disassociate the means of democracy from its aims and to use the means against the aims. We have fascism whenever a nation tries to find parochial, strictly nationalistic solutions to world-wide problems—like resisting Communism, striking a balance of power between capital and labor, establishing a national economy entirely independent of that of other nations. When a country attempts to segregate itself from the rest of the world and to run itself as if it were the world, then we have fascism. Finally, we have fascism whenever some violence and much trickery succeed in eliciting popular enthusiasm for the régime and its idolized leader. For ultimately, the power of the fascist dictator comes from the support of the debauched and deluded people.

If these are the distinctive characteristics of fascism, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that at least one Latin American nation is fascist—Argentina, the most economically progressive and socially advanced of them all. For in Argentina we can find: (a) paralysis in the democratic political parties; (b) democratic institutions used for anti-democratic aims; (c) a so-called new political and social system called Perónism or *"justicialismo"*; and, finally, (d) a dictatorship supported by large sections of the people.

Fascism is a horrible and still much-misused word. It certainly cannot be applied to the petty, old-fashioned tyrannies that have plagued most of the Latin American nations ever since their liberation from Spain. Nearly every Latin American country has a constitution modeled on that of the United States—imitation institutions typical of imitation democracies. The process of imitation has been characteristic of Latin American political evolution, but too few countries have enjoyed spells of democratic life. Now Franco and Perón have become models for actual or would-be dictators. There is a new pattern now, a new look that Latin American dictatorship is happy to assume.

Latin American fascism, as embodied and promoted by Perón, has little to do with the extreme and repulsive type of Hitlerian fascism. It is much closer to Mussolini's pattern. Indeed, Perón's régime is exactly at the 1925 stage of Italian fascism—before the bloody purge that followed Matteotti's murder. If Perón is to be taken seriously, his régime is now about to get tougher and bloodier.

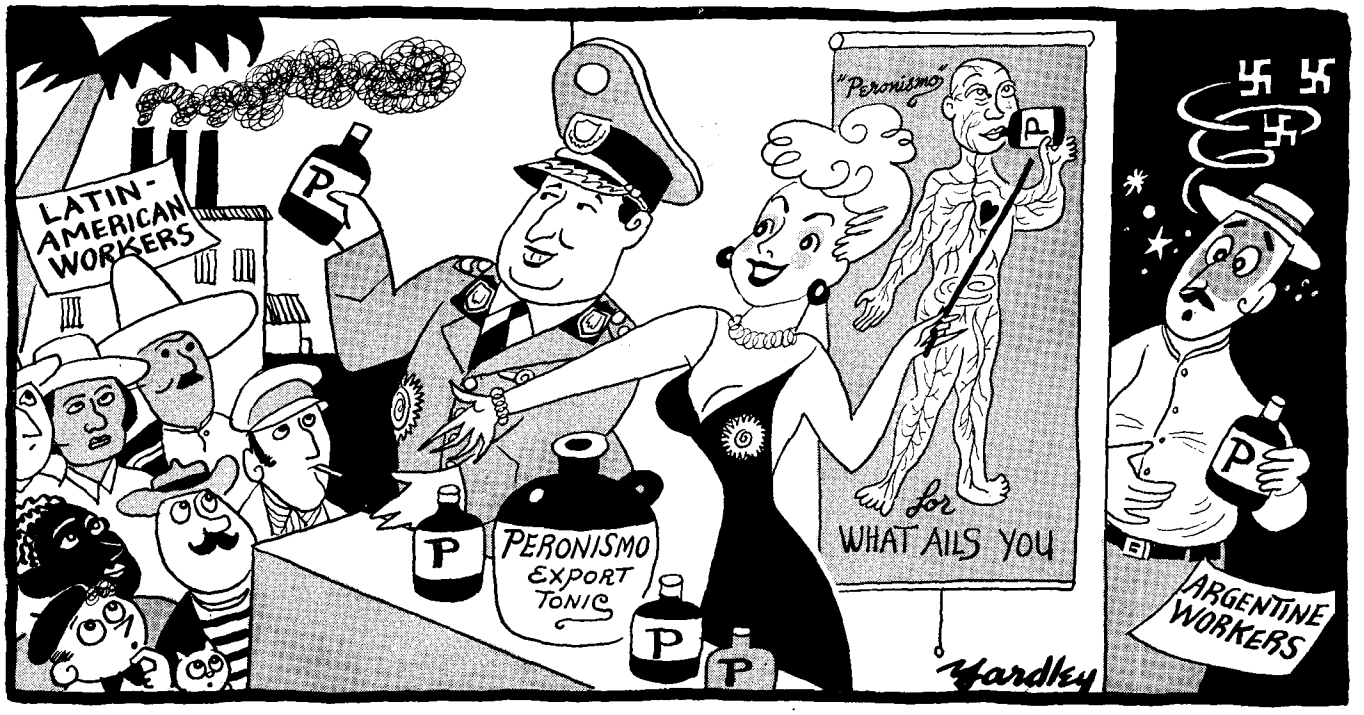
In the Latin type of fascism, people can still, if they feel like it, express their devotion to the régime with their tongues visibly in their cheeks, and the inner wickedness and corruption are frequently covered up by clownish stunts. However it must be granted that even in the flamboyant history of Italian fascism there is nothing that can be compared to the antics of the two Peróns—Mr. and Mrs.—co-stars in a rendition of the welfare state produced on the style of pre-First World War Viennese operettas.

The way of all fascism when it grows old and faces difficulties is to harden its internal tyranny and expand at the expense of neighboring nations. It also perpetuates a habit of servility or at least moral duplicity in people. This the Communists know quite well and appreciate. It has made them work hand in hand with the reactionary dictatorial leaders against the distraught democrats in several Latin American countries like Peru, Brazil, and Argentina. They are now at work in the Caribbean, which is our own back yard.

If Communism gains strength in Latin America the anti-Communist régimes will draw closer to us. Perhaps Perón may emerge some day as a good neighbor and ask that our military and financial assistance be extended to him, as well as to the semi-fascist or pre-fascist dictators in the other Latin American republics. Perhaps we may sometime expect a new flurry of good will in our own country and in the Southern Hemisphere. Yet we should know by now, after the Kuomintang defeat, that our greatest danger lies not in the strength of our enemies but in the weakness of the governments that come to our side and claim to be our friends.

—MAX ASCOLI

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Perónism: Fact and Fantasy

1. Juan and Evita in Action

The newcomer to Argentina will find plenty of things that remind him of certain recent European governments. He will see plastered on every public building, no matter how small the town, a large and dazzling likeness of Evita Perón, often captioned "The Lady of Hope." Frequently these portraits are accompanied by outsize photographs of Perón as well. Before long, if the newcomer is in Buenos Aires, he will be treated to a government-mobilized "loyalty rally," which will most likely be celebrating the fall of the aristocracy and all other opposition, and will probably be presided over by the President himself, who on these occasions employs every trick he can muster. Not the least of these is the histrionic talent of his wife.

This husband-and-wife act, and the entire direction of the Perón Presidency, make for a highly polished production, every line of it obviously well-rehearsed. The Peróns' is a very tough routine. They try, first of all, to please, and it is only when they fail to please that they resort to other methods of gaining support.

Even then, Perón often seems to prefer less-violent techniques. Although his régime has been known to resort to police persecution and even concentration camps, it would rather subdue its foes by threatening to take away their money or their means of making a living. Such tactics are usually just as effective as those of a Gestapo.

The government has several shrewd techniques for bringing business around to its way of thinking. It has the whip hand over import and export permits, and has not hesitated to use it. Withholding public contracts is another method of control, and if neither of these work, there is always the arbitrary fine, as employed in the case of the vast Bemberg establishment including textile mills and breweries, which was recently subjected to the largest fine in Argentine history—86 million pesos.

General Perón puts up a show of democracy, but it is not a convincing one. Though ballots are usually counted correctly, campaigns are far from free. Argentina's privately-owned, government-controlled radio stations, for example, know that they can sell time only to the Perónist party. Many opposition newspapers have been closed on one pretext or another (favorite pretext: that they failed to observe sanitary laws). Those independent papers that are still alive cannot print opposition campaign speeches without risking prosecution under the law forbidding "shows of disrespect to officials."

Perón professes to desire opposition, if it is, indeed, "constructive"—by

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he seems to mean ineffective. Take, for example, the case of Augustín Rodriguez Araya, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who put up a very effective campaign for the governorship of Santa Fé province last year. He not only attacked the local Perónists with vigor, but also unloosed some highly poisonous darts in the direction of the President and his wife. He almost won the election, whereupon the Perónist majority in Congress expelled him from the Chamber of Deputies. He is now tending bar across the river in Montevideo.

An Argentine obviously must be careful of the manner in which he refers to the Peróns and their Administration. It has long been understood that Señora Perón cannot be publicly discussed except in complimentary terms. It is unwise to delve too deeply into her background, to mention where and under what circumstances she was born, or to speculate about how this young woman, who four or five years ago was an extra in movies and radio, has become, among other things, the proprietor of a newspaper and a fancy apartment house.

The possessions of the Peróns are definitely off limits in public talk. Recently, a mere mention of the fact that President Perón owns a forty-acre estate, with a swimming pool and an elaborate house, cost another deputy, Atilio E. Gattaneo, his job. He, too, turned up in Montevideo. Later, a complete fifteen-minute work stoppage was called in Buenos Aires out of deference to the President's wounded feelings.

Everyone in Argentina knows that Perón and Evita work amazingly hard. Perón generally is at his office before 7 A.M. and very often does not leave at night until 9. Evita will stay at her desk in the Labor Ministry until the early morning hours when there is union trouble to unravel. The Peróns have arranged that every radio station in the country report in detail their daily lives—when they went to the office, whom they saw, what meetings they attended—very much in the manner of a court circular.

It is often suggested that Evita holds the power and that Perón is putty in her hands. Actually, most experienced observers in Buenos Aires think that he makes the basic decisions and then often uses her to carry them out. But in a sort of feline way, Evita does quite a lot of the dirty work on her own.

A case in point concerns Juan Atilio Bramuglia, until last August Perón's Foreign Minister. Bramuglia was an ex-Socialist, loyal to the President, scrupulously honest, and, as was amply shown when he was President of the United Nations Security Council, extremely able. That fact made him dangerous. Should the army, for example, become restless, a generals' junta might pick Bramuglia to succeed Perón. Bramuglia was too valuable to dismiss, and some way had to be found to clip his wings. Evita did the trick. She simply ordered that no Perónist paper—and that meant all but two of Buenos Aires's sixteen dailies—was to mention Bramuglia's name or print his picture. This conspiracy of silence about his work in Paris and after his return home began to get on Bramuglia's nerves. He "forced" Perón to "accept" his resignation.

Another one of Evita's assignments is controlling all Argentine charities, which she does through an organization called the Social Aid Foundation of Eva María Duarte de Perón, which was organized about a year and a half ago, and has run almost all of the old charity organizations out of business. When the Argentine Red Cross attempted to send supplies to earthquake victims in Ecuador, no exit permit was issued until the label *Ayuda Social de Eva María Duarte de Perón* was stamped on them.

The receipts of the Social Aid Foundation are enormous and unlisted. Every union getting a pay raise—and in the inflationary economy of Argentina that is often—subscribes one month of all its members' raises to the foundation. Firms with wage questions being arbitrated find it politic to offer special contributions. Shortly after a candy company called "Mumu" turned down a "suggestion" for a substantial contribution to the Social Aid Foundation, inspectors "discovered" that the company had violated numerous sanitary regulations. The plant was closed, and had to buy back from retailers all the candy it had previously sold.

Without doubt, Juan Perón is a man of many pretensions. He enjoys showing off his (and his ghost writers') learning—in long speeches about the art of government and the meaning of life. Once in such a discourse, about Cervantes and Don Quixote, he made at least a dozen references to obscure literary works. On another occasion, speaking before a group of philosophy teachers, he mentioned and quoted some eighteen philosophers. Old friends were somewhat surprised at this show of erudition.

It was during his speech to the philosophers that Perón first defined the "third position," or "*justicialismo*," his new philosophy of government, which he murkily describes as midway between Marx and Hegel, and thus midway between Communism on the one hand and capitalism on the other. His most frequently asserted claim is that *justicialismo* has created a "socially just, economically free, and politically sovereign Argentina." By his purchase (at very high prices, during flush postwar days) of the British-owned railroads and the American-owned telephone system, Perón claims that he has freed Argentina economically, just as San Martín did politically. During the last several years, the cult of "San Martín the Liberator" has grown, under official sponsorship, into virtually a religion. The next step is to present Perón as San Martín II. Already, on a couple of public occasions, the general has only half jokingly referred to himself as "San Perón."

Perón's attempts to export "*justicialismo*" have not been very successful. The Chileans angrily suspect that Argentina has dabbled a bit in their internal politics. Uruguay has caught Perónists aiding its reactionary old *caudillo*, Luis Herrera. But Uruguay has the laugh on its big neighbor. The in-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tegrity of the Uruguayan peso as compared with the inflated Argentine currency speaks for itself. When it comes to social justice, Uruguayans point out that they started their social-legislation program twenty years ago and have not yet found it necessary to curtail personal liberties.

Many aspects of the Perón régime suggest a welfare state gone wrong. The iron control of labor and charity is coupled with regulation and supervision of exports and imports. Price control and subsidizing of many products naturally follow, and in their wake come steadily decreasing production with increasing costs. Like many an extravagant housewife who finds it difficult to make outgo and income meet, the Perónists these days are sensitive to the point of tears and stubborn silence when a public balancing of their accounts books is suggested.

For the last year and a half there has been no official published report on cost of living or government expenditures. It is pretty commonly known, however, that the bottom of Argentina's currency barrel was reached early in the second quarter of 1948. To state it bluntly, Argentina is really very hard up. Most Argentines, who are accustomed to thinking of their country in the golden image of the horn of plenty, have trouble believing this.

The conclusion? Seasoned observers in Argentina now believe that while the Perónist economic policies may easily do lasting damage to the country itself, it is altogether unlikely that Perónism, or "*justicialismo*," as a political or economic movement can possibly continue beyond the Perón Presidency. The party's corruption will probably be its undoing, and, unlike European rulers of similar mind, Perón will be unable to cook up any foreign adventures to rescue himself from collapse. The danger of Perónism is that it may so disorganize the democratic forces in Argentina that, in its wake, the Communists will have their supreme opportunity. Long ago many party-liners, perhaps on orders from their high command, "joined" the Perónist ranks. Some of them today occupy strategic posts in Perónist unions. This is an old, old pattern indeed, and nobody should need a diagram to know what they are up to.

—Thomas Greene

2. *Crossfire — Labor and Army*

When Juan Perón ran for President of Argentina in 1946, he had most of the country behind him. His supporters used strong-arm methods, perhaps out of force of habit, but they weren't necessary. In addition to the army, the nationalists, and elements of the Church, Perón had won over huge sections of both industry and labor. He had been able to do this, on the one hand, by announcing a program, later called the Five Year Plan, to stimulate industry and, on the other, by catering to the *descamisados,* or shirtless ones.

After Perón won, he realized that his régime would have a firmer basis than the run-of-the-mill Latin American military dictatorship if he kept the support of leftist labor. Besides, it would give him a useful instrument to oppose any attempts by the military or the nationalists to control his actions. He would be able to claim that the will of Argentina's people was Perónism.

To keep its curious and uneasy assortment of backers, the Perón régime has had to shift its program continually. First, to please the Left, it played down the use of violence and found "constitutional" or "legal" means to suppress the opposition. It "legally" impeached the Supreme Court, bought up many opposition newspapers and radio stations, "reorganized" the unions into a Perónist General Confederation of Labor, and "retired" hostile university professors. The general's projects included "reform" of the Constitution so that it could never be used to thwart his will, and "reform" of the Penal Code so that criticism of the government or of any government official would be a criminal offense.

By the middle of 1947, it became apparent that, in spite of Perón's best efforts to stifle disagreements, the extreme Right and the extreme Left could not live peacefully. The rightist nationalists were continuing with their anti-Semitic campaigns and their gangster methods. When they bombed a synagogue and a few socialist meetings in 1947, the Socialist newspaper, *La Vanguardia,* charged in a front-page headline: "All political crimes in this republic are committed in your name, Mr. President, and you incite them with your speeches." Perón closed the journal, but he had to confront, with considerable embarrassment, his own leftist supporters and the foreign press. Perónism knew it had to sacrifice one extremist element or the other.

The nationalists went by the boards. General Velazco, Chief of Police for the capital, and other highly-placed nationalists were dismissed. Late in 1947, Perónism began an experiment. It tried to get along just on the support of the *descamisados* and the army.

This was the period when Perónism gained its greatest respectability abroad and its most peaceful acceptance at home, but the experiment was brought to an abrupt end by economic crisis.

By the end of 1948, the Argentine

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economy appeared to be at the breaking point. First of all, industrialization had been too sudden. The Five Year Plan, the only positive plank of the Perónist platform, had to show quick results to convince Argentina and the world that Perónism was based upon a bona-fide political and economic philosophy. Some Perónist hangers-on had prospered, but the nation as a whole was harassed by extreme inflation. The price of shoes doubled, while that of certain foodstuffs tripled.

Wild buying sprees on foreign markets drained off Argentina's gold and dollar supplies. Imports practically ceased, and the value of the peso dropped from 3½ to the dollar to twelve or thirteen to the dollar. Meanwhile a stock-market boom left the whole financial structure in a shaky state. The price of some stocks multiplied ten times, and the market made many a Perónist his fortune.

Of all the victims of this chaos, the farmers suffered most, particularly after the adoption of the Miranda Plan, under which the government purchased agricultural products at low prices with the idea of selling them at exorbitant prices to the Marshall Plan nations. The scheme was a fiasco; the ECA countries didn't buy; farm surpluses piled up, and huge tracts of land went out of cultivation.

Toward the end of 1948, representatives of the army advised Perón that it was his generosity to the *descamisados* that was destroying the economy. Led by Minister of War Sosa Molina, the armed forces persuaded Perón that it was time for a new policy. Perón was ready. He had never truly been much of a leftist, and now he felt that labor was under control anyway. By January, 1949, the surviving leftists had been crowded out of the government, and the nationalists, the military men, and the anti-Semites were in.

Today, the régime has all but lost the confidence of the *descamisados*. Labor has been making new demands that have led to bloodshed and street fighting in sugar-workers', meat-packers', and dockworkers' strikes. Perón is now trying to backtrack and placate labor, but this way he will only alienate the Right again. The life expectancy of Perónism depends on how long Perón can keep vacillating between Right and Left, without either group getting altogether fed up.—ARTHUR CARTER

3. *Perón's Labor Missionaries*

Soon after his *descamisados* had helped elect him President of Argentina, Juan Perón conceived the idea of setting himself up as a hemispheric protector of the workingman. His first step in carrying out the project, which has already made some headway, was the placing of labor attachés in every Argentine legation and embassy in the New World. Second-rank Perónist labor leaders were trained for these jobs in a special school in Buenos Aires. The keystone of the curriculum was a basic survey course in Perónism. Lectures on "The Personality of Perón" and the "Principles of Perónism" took up most of the students' remaining time.

Perón's tactic of sending Argentine workingmen up and down the hemisphere to propagate his virtues was used at the inauguration of Miguel Alemán as President of Mexico, about six months after Perón's own inauguration in June, 1946. The Argentine delegation which took the five-thousand-mile junket to Mexico City included not only diplomats but labor leaders, who were assigned to do plenty of pro-Perón talking.

The labor attachés have made considerable progress in building up contacts with local union groups. The first Argentine labor attaché in Chile promptly visited both factions of the then violently feuding Confederation

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Chilean Workers. The nice things he had to say about both were published in the press of each, since both sides were looking for whatever support they could muster.

In Colombia, the Argentine labor attaché offered scholarships, invited union leaders to visit Argentina, sent out pamphlets, arranged social gatherings, and sponsored radio programs. In Peru, the attaché could not make a dent in the Confederation of Workers, controlled by the liberal *Apristas,* but he did become very friendly with one opposition group, the so-called Independent Trade Union Committee, headed by a mixed group of ex-Communists and ex-*Apristas.* When the Confederation of Workers and the *Apristas* were suppressed in October, 1948, the Argentine-advised labor group was favored by the new military dictatorship, and it is reported that the Argentine attaché has had much to do with framing new "social legislation" for the régime.

The attachés not only try to curry favor with union leaders, but often go directly to the rank and file. In Ecuador, for instance, the Perónist representative has lectured before the not-unimportant Catholic labor organizations. In Costa Rica, the writer attended a meeting of a local branch of the Costa Rican Confederation of Labor, held in honor of Padre Benjamin Nunez, who had resigned as secretary of the Confederation to become Minister of Labor. The Argentine labor attaché, who already knew some of the local union leaders, turned up uninvited. He was asked to sit on the platform and finally called upon for a speech. He told of the latest wonders that had been performed in Argentina, and pointedly announced that Evita Perón had just sent a large consignment of clothing for the poor of Costa Rica.

An even bigger propaganda coup was pulled by Perón's labor man in Washington, Agustín Merlo. Asked for a contribution by a U. S. charity, he notified Evita Perón's Social Welfare Organization, which promptly sent several bundles of clothing for the "poor children of Washington." This incident, of course, was publicized throughout the hemisphere—and enjoyed by millions of Latin citizens.

Argentine labor attachés have often been accused of engaging in activities far less candid than spreading good will. Union leaders in certain countries, for instance, are reported to have received money from Argentine sources. On this point there is little direct evidence, but a few facts are known. In Havana, the labor paper *Acción Socialista* began carrying advertisements for the Argentine airline soon after the arrival of Perón's attaché. The attaché in Mexico offered to pay the way of a Mexican delegation to the January, 1948, congress in Lima, Peru, which founded the C.I.T. (Inter-American Confederation of Workers), in the hope that the Mexicans would take the part of Argentina's Perónist unions at the meeting. The cost of a further trip to Buenos Aires was also offered; both proposals were rejected.

Perón has arranged elaborate junkets to Buenos Aires for quite a few other leaders of Latin American trade unions. The first such excursion was made by some of the delegates to the Lima conference mentioned above. This trip was so successful that in May, 1948, a larger delegation of union chiefs was brought to Argentina.

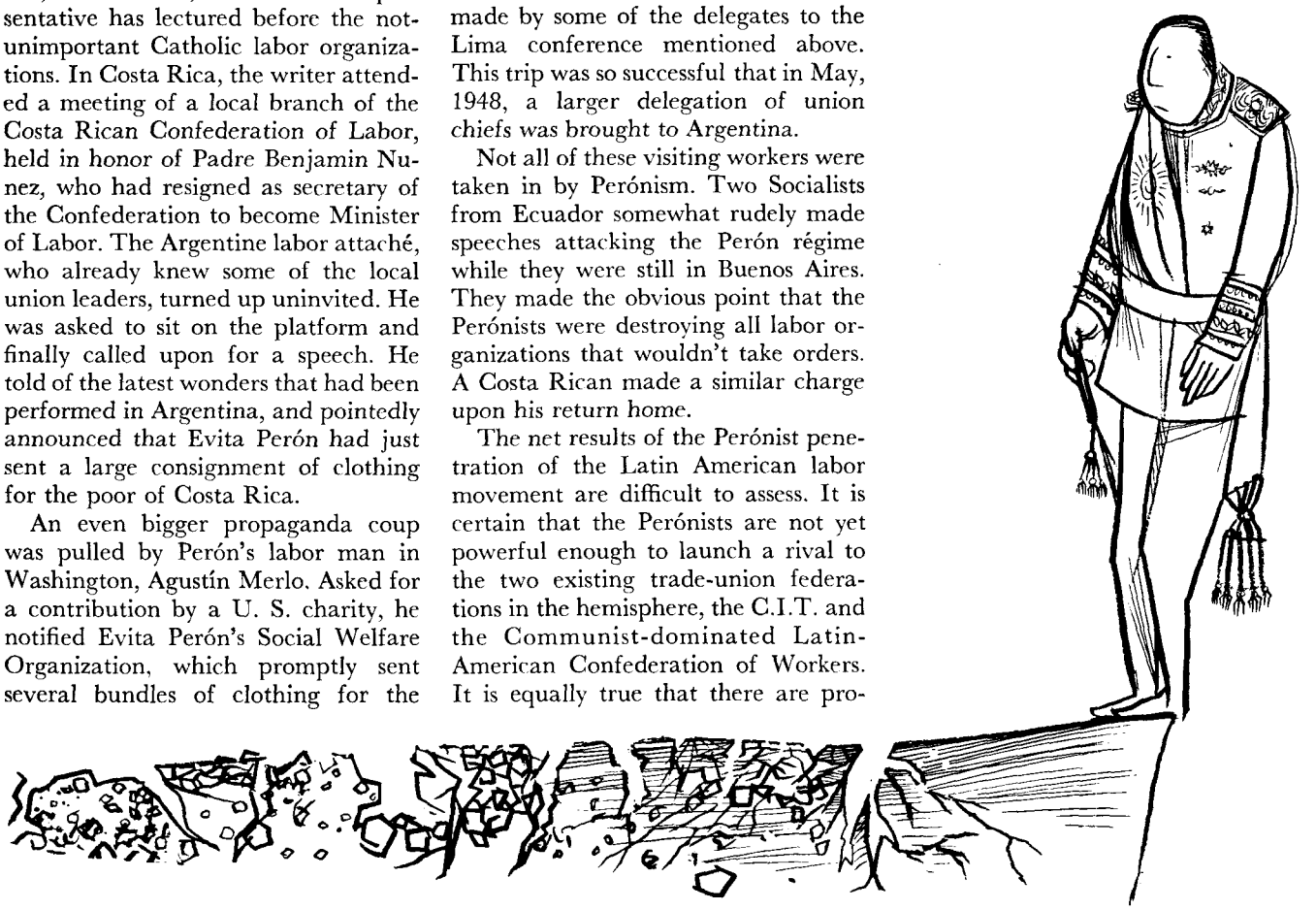
Not all of these visiting workers were taken in by Perónism. Two Socialists from Ecuador somewhat rudely made speeches attacking the Perón régime while they were still in Buenos Aires. They made the obvious point that the Perónists were destroying all labor organizations that wouldn't take orders. A Costa Rican made a similar charge upon his return home.

The net results of the Perónist penetration of the Latin American labor movement are difficult to assess. It is certain that the Perónists are not yet powerful enough to launch a rival to the two existing trade-union federations in the hemisphere, the C.I.T. and the Communist-dominated Latin-American Confederation of Workers. It is equally true that there are pro-Perón groups in many of the national labor movements. In Peru the labor group favored by the present dictatorship is working closely with the Perónists. President Odría gave the Peruvian delegate to a white-collar workers' conference in Buenos Aires a warm personal send-off.

In Ecuador, Perón's influence is strongest in the Catholic labor movement. In Panama the largest of three small labor confederations is favorably inclined towards the Argentine dictator. In Mexico, Cuba, and Haiti there are active and sometimes important labor groups which are friendly to the Perónists.

Just how much farther Perónist penetration will go remains to be seen. The Perónists have probably not helped further their case with the working class of the hemisphere by teaming up with dictatorships such as Odría's. Furthermore, the streams of money which Buenos Aires poured out in the months immediately after Perón's inauguration are probably not quite so readily available now that Argentina is desperately short of dollars.

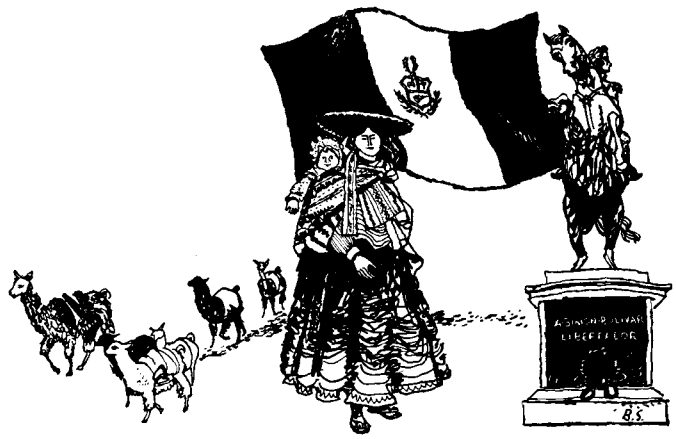
—Robert J. Alexander



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Murder in Peru

The heirs of the Conquistadores rule with velvet glove and iron fist



Just before lunchtime in Lima, Peru, on May 15, 1935, Antonio Miró Quesada and his wife left their suite at the Hotel Bolívar to stroll to the aristocratic Club Nacional nearby. As they crossed the Plaza San Martín, a young man fired two shots into Miró Quesada's back. He died almost immediately. Madame Miró Quesada charged after the youth with her handbag, and he killed her, too. These murders—and another, twelve years later, which helped bring Peru's present dictator, Manuel Odría, to power—throw light into the murkier recesses of modern Peruvian politics.

Luxurious funerals are taken for granted in Peru, but Miró Quesada's was the most impressive in years. He had been the editor of Lima's leading newspaper, *El Comercio,* and a pillar of the Peruvian *oligarquía,* the most reactionary ruling class in South America, which is saying a good deal. The *oligarquía* is descended almost directly from the Conquistadores; and it has hardly changed its ideas since their day. Its members are fairly saturated with culture and *politesse,* and are highly adept in the use of two traditional weapons of class war—the velvet glove and the mailed fist. To them, maintenance of the status quo principally means keeping the Indian pacified and out of power. Since they are skillful, as well as ruthless, they often compromise and cajole. But sometimes they use less peaceable tactics.

The assassin of the Miró Quesadas was a young student named Carlos Stiers, who belonged to the youth brigade of APRA (*Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana*), a party founded in the 1920's by Víctor Rául Haya de la Torre. APRA (now called the People's Party—*Partido del Pueblo*) had originally come up with a brand of native socialism and mysticism that swept like a raging fire through the impoverished Peruvian masses. It was anti-feudal, anti-imperialist, "inter-American," and vaguely Marxist, but the important thing was that it was pro-Indian.

APRA tried sponsoring Presidential candidates twice. In both cases, the *oligarquía* was ready for any emergency. When Haya de la Torre himself ran, in 1931, the *oligarquía* brought into play one of its more ingenious instruments, the electoral jury, which has power to invalidate any votes it chooses. In 1936, APRA backed a dark horse named Antonio Eguiguren, who won by many lengths, but the *oligarquía* had his victory disqualified on the ground that he had been supported by "an illegal internationalist sect." Such velvet-glove tactics had in the past often goaded APRA to violence, which the *oligarquía* put down with its mailed fist—the army. "I want to see *Aprista* blood on every one of your bayonets," Sánchez Cerro, a dictator of the early 1930's, once told his troops. His orders were well executed; during his administration some six thousand *Apristas* were killed. Apparently this was not enough for Miró Quesada, who was so frightened of the Indian menace that he campaigned, in *El Comercio,* to have all *Apristas* rounded up and shot. So it was not too surprising when he received his own prescription.

Geographically, Peru has everything, except enough arable land. It has been likened to the Sahara, the Himalayas, and the Belgian Congo laid out side by side. Only a small coastal stretch—amounting to one ten thousandth of Peru's total acreage—can be described as genuinely fertile.

Before the advent of the Spaniards, the Indians managed to adjust their needs to their adverse geography. But after the Spanish conquest, the Indians' terraced gardens were disemboweled in the Spanish search for precious metals, and the primitive farmers themselves became mine laborers. As the conquerors grabbed the land, the Indians fled to hideaways (and to less-rewarding soil) in the top Andes. The oligarchic owners of the fertile coastal oases now raise cotton and sugar for a glutted world market. In the process, the soil has been abused, and Lima is forced to import food.

The coastal sugar and cotton plantations are usually worked for small wages by mestizos (half-castes). In the sierras, land ownership and farming practices themselves vary enormously. There are all forms of share-cropping, and in some places the peasant works only for his keep. A primitive agrarian communism established in Inca days does, however, survive in some districts.

The privileged status of the rulers and the brute servitude of the masses of highland Indians kept Peru the stronghold of Spanish power in South America during the Wars of Independence. Independence, when it finally came, was brought by Colombians and Venezuelans from the north and by San Martín from the south. Peru itself absorbed no liberal tradition.

For these reasons, the appearance of a truly democratic Peruvian régime in 1945 seemed a major miracle. In that year, the *oligarquía* and the army found themselves divided, and, almost unaccountably, free elections were staged. APRA, which as usual had the votes, combined with the few moderate and centrist elements to nominate someone

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mutually agreeable. Their choice was a mild-mannered, scrupulously honest, bespectacled law professor named José Luis Bustamante. On July 28, he entered the ornate marble Presidential Palace, and Peru entered what appeared to be a hopeful era.

For a pitifully short time that hope seemed justified. Wages were raised; the land-tenure system became a bit less feudal; the schools were improved mightily; civil liberties were restored; and plans were drawn for irrigating arid coastal areas with Amazon water brought by tunnel through the Andes. APRA's Marxism, by this time, had given way to a prim New Dealism. Its anti-imperialism had disappeared. APRA, in fact, courted foreign capital and appeared likely to get some.

This was, of course, exactly what the *oligarquía* had feared, and it set out to torpedo this plan. Both *El Comercio,* and its powerful conservative rival *La Prensa,* roared that APRA was giving away Peru. The local Communists (whom the *oligarquía* has always financed as a hedge against APRA) cried that APRA wanted *"yanqui infiltración."* The army also conveniently produced an opinion on the plan, which was, reportedly, tantamount to faint damnation. The chief of staff was then a minor martinet named Manuel Odría. The *oligarquía* earmarked him for advancement.

This barrage from right and extreme left had its effect on Bustamante. Although he had been elected largely by *Aprista* votes, he was by no means an *Aprista.* He was determined to keep the country on a firm, fair middle course, and to be accountable to no one faction. As he delayed action on a Standard Oil contract, a fissure developed between him and the *Apristas.* The latter became impatient, and charged the President with giving in to the *oligarquía.*

Murder No. 2 fatally widened the breach between Bustamante and Haya and Co. On the night of January 7, 1947, Francisco Graña, the amiable business manager of *La Prensa,* was shot down on a quiet Lima street. The few witnesses agreed that the trigger men got away in "a green Buick"; there was no other solid evidence.

But the crime came during a general wave of hooliganism, which had mostly been attributed to APRA, and

Manuel Odría

neither *La Prensa* nor the rest of the rightist press had the least doubt that the assassination was an *Aprista* job. The *Alianza Nacional,* a recently formed organization comprising the chief conservative, fascist, and Communist-line parties, decided to use Graña's funeral as a political demonstration. On the day it took place, factories were closed and workers ordered to show up at the bier. Pedro Beltrán, one of the chief owners of *La Prensa,* and President of the *Alianza Nacional,* spoke ominously: "From this grave a new movement shall arise!" In APRA headquarters, Haya sat gloomily. "There were two victims of the crime," he mourned, "Graña killed and APRA wounded." The police set out on the biggest witch hunt in Peruvian history. This January, after a three-year search and a nine-month trial, they lined up ten *Apristas,* ranging from a Senator to nonentities, and dealt out sentences of from twenty years to one.

Almost all the evidence in the trial was circumstantial. Some testimony offered by the prosecution was discovered to have been elicited with the aid of sodium pentothal. A principal government witness was a young sergeant who alternately admitted and denied his story three times, and who was characterized by his commanding officer as "probably the greatest liar I have ever met."

The verdict changed few political sentiments in Peru. *Apristas* continued to maintain their innocence; anti-*Apristas* only believed more strongly what they had already been convinced of. But a formidable change had taken place in the country's political structure, and "the new movement" which Pedro Beltrán had predicted at Graña's bier was flourishing nicely. The movement, was, of course, rightist militarism. For, having lost the support of the liberal Left, President Bustamante had been forced to draw upon the only other strength available to him —the military. The army got more and more posts in successive Bustamante Cabinets. Manuel Odría became Minister of the Interior, in control of the police, five days after Graña was murdered. He was then fifty-one. It fell to him to oversee the investigation of the murder, and he carried on so vigorously against all *Aprista* suspects that the rightist press showered him with praise and acclaimed him a "strong man."

Odría apparently began to believe his own publicity. He had never concealed his hatred for APRA, and by June, 1948, he felt strong enough to demand that Bustamante outlaw the party. Bustamante refused, and Odriá resigned.

Four months later, a group of sailors and civilians briefly seized some Peruvian gunboats and took over positions in the port of Callao. Bustamante labeled this an APRA plot (which APRA denied) and declared the party illegal. Odría, who had been standing alertly on the sidelines, saw in the Callao incident an open highway to political power. He called it "a threat to public order," and went into action. He led the Arequipa garrison in revolt, and two days later the Lima garrison also turned against Bustamante. Within a few hours Bustamante was on a plane for Buenos Aires, and Odría was sitting in the Presidential chair.

Odría's coup was, of course, approved by the *Prensa-Alianza Nacional* bigwigs. Pedro Beltrán was given the presidency of the Central Bank of Peru. The rich sugar and cotton barons took their cut when Odría lifted exchange controls which, in effect, increased the dollar value of agricultural exports. It also doubled the prices of imported necessities, and started another round of inflation.

Odría closed the opposition press, broke up the big labor unions, outlawed collective bargaining, shut up

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress, and reinstituted the death penalty for political crimes.

On the bread-and-circus side, Odría raised army pay, started a public-works program, and, like Juan Perón, promised all varieties of social reform. Unlike the Argentine strong man, he has delivered little. A Perón is exactly what the *oligarquía* does not want.

The *oligarquía* wants a program modeled on that of Generalissimo Franco. Odría is doing his best. Recently, he imported a corps of instructors from the Spanish Guardia Civil to train his own police in the techniques of running down a democratic underground. On the cultural side, a group of Spanish schoolgirl singers recently completed a triumphant tour of Peru.

Now that he has been in power for over a year without serious incident, Odría is talking elections. He doesn't have in mind anything like letting *Apristas* run for office. He will let them vote. Naturally, he will also let the electoral jury exercise its traditional right: namely, to invalidate any votes it chooses to. And it's a fair bet that when election day rolls around next July the only candidate for President will be Odría himself.

To ex-President Bustamante, sitting it out in exile, to Haya de la Torre, pacing like a caged lion in his asylum in Lima's Colombian Embassy (Odría won't let him out of the country), to any alert observer, it would seem that nothing ever changes in Peru.

—HART PRESTON

José Luis Bustamante

Target: Bolivia

Tin and oil explain why neighbor Perón's hand can be seen in the country's bloody politics

Bolivia's richly metallic subsoil offers some clue to its recent political history. Its great deposits of tin and silver seem to create a magnetic field that perennially attracts the economic, and hence the political, interest of its larger neighbors: Brazil, Chile, Peru, and Argentina. What they see when they look at Bolivian politics is a duel between a group of military adventurers and a group of wealthy industrialists, neither much interested in the welfare of their four million impoverished compatriots. Most of these live on the unfertile Andean *altiplano*, working either the arid topsoil or the mines.

For Juan Perón of Argentine, who has Bolivia on his agenda, infiltration is a delicate matter. He can't send troops to the border or issue threatening ultimatums without facing a coalition of Bolivia's other neighbors, who also have a jealous interest in Bolivian wealth. What Perón has tried to do is encourage Bolivia, a nation of stormy politics, to install a government more to his taste than the constitutional conservative régime now in power.

In the last twelve years, Bolivia has had eight Presidents, who have ranged from the extreme Right to the unextreme Left. None of them has completed his term of office. One of the eight, who ruled from 1943 to 1946, was much to Perón's liking—Gualberto Villarroel, a member of the Movement of Nationalist Revolution, MNR, which is controlled by RADEPA, a secret army officers' lodge, clandestine in operation and at present Perónist in principle.

When RADEPA was founded in 1940, its immediate aim was to put Bolivia in the war on the side of the Axis. In 1943 it engineered a nocturnal palace coup against the Administration, which was conservative but friendly to the Allies, and put Villarroel at the head of the government.

RADEPA's methods of political persuasion were not very subtle. One way it was reported to have won converts was by literally tearing people's arms out of their sockets. Immediately after it gained power, RADEPA, often operating so secretly that it neglected to in-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The late Gualberto Villarroel

form President Villarroel of its plans, began trying to swing the country toward the Axis. The government signed a secret friendship pact with the Nazis, who were interested in Bolivian tin. The mine owners—mostly adherents of the conservative Constitutional Party—were exporting to Britain and the United States and continued to do so, in spite of various devices, including kidnaping, employed by RADEPA to intimidate them.

RADEPA remained in power until July, 1946, when the university teachers of La Paz, abetted by their students, staged a strike for higher wages, which touched off a full-scale revolution. Although the rebels had few arms, they defeated the militarists by sheer weight of numbers. They pitched Villarroel out of his office window and hanged him to a lamp-post in front of the National Palace, along with three RADEPA colleagues.

From the day that the new President, a democratic judge named Tomás Monje Gutiérrez, took office, RADEPA began plotting a counter-revolution. To help it along, Perón cut off the export of Argentine foodstuffs to Bolivia. In September, 1946, the militarists made a bloody but unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Monje. The trigger man was strung from a lamp-post outside the palace.

Shortly afterwards, Monje told me: "Politics are like hot coals, something to be dropped"—an understandable observation. He announced that a Presidential election would be held the following January and that he was not a candidate.

At this time, Perón's hopes for a friendly government in Bolivia rested not so much on RADEPA as on Juan Lechin, a member of the late President Villarroel's party and the chief of the Syndicate of Mine Workers (STM) to which over half of the Bolivian miners belong. Though he called himself a Trotskyite, Lechin had been long known as a friend of Perón.

The election was closely contested, and it was won by the Republican Socialist Union Party (PURS), a conservative group pledged to abide by the Constitution. As head of PURS, Enrique Hertzog, a mild-mannered, clear-thinking doctor from La Paz, became President. Three years later he resigned because his health was broken. He was succeeded in the summer of 1949 by Mamerto Urriolagoitía, then Vice-President.

It would take some time to enumerate all of the minor uprisings and attempted rebellions that have occurred in Bolivia since Hertzog's election. In 1949, Lechin sought to break the government and the mining interests financially by calling a miners' strike. His power proved somewhat less than he had thought, but his agitators did succeed in whipping up disturbances.

Lechin's lieutenants carried on in his absence. Combining forces with the outlawed RADEPA, they staged a revolution that was very nearly successful. It started late in May, 1949, with another strike and a series of riots that lasted four days and took more than forty lives. Less than a week later, on June 5, a band of exiled Bolivian rebels crossed over from Argentina to attack the Bolivian Army border post at Villazon. Civil war ensued—with Villarroel's party, RADEPA, and Lechin's miners on one side, and the liberals, the conservatives, and Bolivia's Communist Party on the other.

The commander and the rank and file of the Bolivian Army remained loyal to the La Paz government, and after a number of weeks the rebels were defeated. Most of their leaders returned to Argentina.

While supporting the militarists and miners, Perón played a sort of confidence game with the government he wanted to overthrow. In 1947 and 1948, he sought to domineer Chile, Ecuador, and Bolivia into trade pacts. It looked for a while as though he might succeed. Bolivia was especially vulnerable. The great bulk of its population, living on the Andean *altiplano*, relies upon imported foodstuffs, especially canned beef from Argentina. President Hertzog was ready to sign a trade pact, largely because Perón offered to build a railroad connecting the *altiplano* with the lowlands. But the violently anti-RADEPA Congress refused to ratify it. Under an agreement made in the late 1930's, both Argentina and Brazil were authorized to build railroads through the lowlands; Argentina's has been completed under Perón, who is still being paid off in Bolivian oil.

In 1950, Perón has some unexpected allies. Malaya and Indonesia are selling top-grade tin at prices that Bolivia, where production costs match Andean altitudes, cannot meet. Trade has dwindled, mines have closed, and unemployment has been rising.

Confronted with all these problems, the anti-Perón political coalition has shown signs of breaking up. Liberals and leftists are trying to force Urriolagoitía's conservatives to adopt certain welfare-state measures that are bitterly opposed by the mining interests. The rebels are undoubtedly plotting anew.

If Perón can gain political and economic control of Bolivia, he will have isolated Chile. Through Bolivia, Chile currently enjoys direct contact with its natural ally, Brazil. For Perón Bolivian tin would be a great asset. Through the control of the Western Hemisphere's major source of tin, Perón could put economic and political pressure on Chile. If he succeeded, there would be only two democracies left in South America—Brazil and Uruguay.

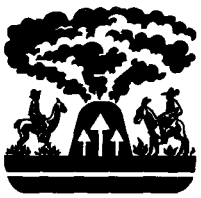
—ALBERT C. HICKS

President Mamerto Urriolagoitía

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Best Cash Customer

In spite of its political confusion, Latin America provides far and away the largest-paying export market for U. S. goods



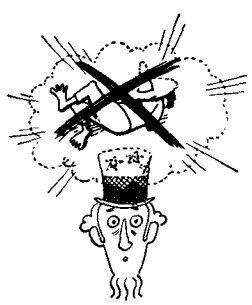
Latin America is experiencing a problem almost everyone has encountered at one time or another. The cash customer —and Latin America is the United States' largest one— never quite receives the same attention and consideration as the holder of a charge account.

Despite our uncertain political relationship with Latin America, our economic stake in that part of the world has been increasing steadily in the past fifteen years. Our exports to Latin America in 1949 were valued at $2.7 billion, almost all of which were paid for in cash. By contrast, our cash exports to Europe amounted only to about $1.2 billion. Our total exports to Europe were greater than those to Latin America, but only because nearly two-thirds were, in effect, given away. Since the end of the war, we have given or lent Europe over $18 billion. Our extraordinary assistance to Latin America, on the other hand, has amounted to only $381 million, most of it in loans that so far are being repaid with interest on schedule.

Their experience during both world wars taught Latin Americans to buy many products from us that they formerly bought from Europe. Mexico and some of the other Latin countries came to doubt the wisdom of buying generators from Europe and finding out in wartime that no spare parts could be obtained for them. The market for American goods in Latin America has shown less spectacular growth in periods of peace, but that growth has been accomplished with very little assistance from the United States Treasury.

The 1920's brought a flood of U. S. private capital to Latin America, leading it to increase imports in an unhealthy fashion. No area in the world escaped the mad rush of U. S. investment. Afterwards, defaults were worldwide, and Wall Street pulled in its horns. Many countries are reaping the consequences today in the form of overcautious private investment. Since the crash, Latin America has received only a modest amount of U. S. private capital.

Our best cash market has been strictly self-made, at practically no cost to taxpayers in the United States. If, as we are told, we are getting our money's worth for the billions we are spending in Europe, we must have a real bargain in Latin America. We must not assume too much, however. Our generally pleasant economic relationships with that part of the world could change pretty abruptly. We cannot expect that 150 million people, many of whom live in abject poverty, will continue placidly to accept their present political and economic lot.



Latin Americans spend more than ten per cent of their incomes to purchase goods from us. By contrast, we spend only about one per cent of our incomes on their goods. In simplest terms, this means that Latin American production is still unable to meet even the basic wants of the people. We can't expect that Latin Americans will continue to spend still more of their income in the United States unless they can earn more. It would seem, therefore, that several birds could be killed with one stone if we could help Latin America raise its production and earning power, and make its very modest living standards a little less so. Our own exports would be maintained or increased, and our economy would not be hurt.

To take a specific case: Mexico, although an agricultural country, is unable to feed its people adequately. It is beginning to open up an irrigated area in the states of Sonora and Sinaloa that resembles, in size and productivity, the Imperial Valley. Agriculture in this region is mechanized and diverse. As a result, the food supply of Mexico is being improved, and a new type of farming is making its appearance. But there is more to it than that. During the winter, this area produces large quantities of tomatoes which are sold to housewives in Omaha and Chicago. The result is that Mexico saves some dollars it has been spending on food imports, and that it also has some new dollars to spend here. Unless we in the United States begin to doubt our own ability to consume and produce, we should be able to increase this type of development and trade manyfold in the future. We must concern ourselves with increasing the opportunities for the Latin Americans to earn dollars unless we are prepared to sacrifice a receptive and growing market. It is far from easy for a government to promote imports; it is much easier to discourage them. But if we keep our tariffs down and our demand up, there's every reason to believe that the Latin Americans will be extremely interested in producing for us. If they do, they will also buy more from us.

American private capital has been invested in Latin America for quite a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while, and has brought a fair return. The managers of this capital haven't always been concerned with the social aspects of their operations, but then, the ventures weren't philanthropic, and they shouldn't be.

No responsible person would claim that either the behavior of U. S. private capitalists in Latin America or, for that matter, the treatment accorded to them has been perfect. The fact is that U. S. capital has contributed toward building the things that Latin Americans want and need. But even more important, American investors cannot afford to set up plants in Latin America with standards far below those at home. Our petroleum companies in Venezuela, for instance, do something about housing, medical care, and food. Our standards are rapidly getting to be Latin America's standards, but the process will take time. It isn't enough for the Export-Import Bank to lend twenty million dollars to build power plants in Brazil or roads in Peru. Power has to be used profitably, and roads have to be traveled. Governments can't do these jobs alone; private capital can make the decisive difference.

The label of "colonialism" must be removed from U. S. capital. There is still a place for large mineral or agricultural development, but it has to be worked into the local economy as it never has been before. Americans are learning this trick, and it is no mean trick. Latin American interest in industrial development is reasonable enough, but it is also a reaction against the traditional raw-material-producing function of colonial economies.

To insist that Latin America gear its development solely to the demands of the U. S. market and the plans of companies interested only in mineral extraction is not the way to keep countries good customers and good neighbors. Agricultural development can bring about growth, as Argentina's experience attests, and mineral developments can have industrial adjuncts as well. Copper ore can be refined on the spot, and it is not impossible to build an industry around the processing of copper. These developments serve two purposes: The countries are provided with increasing amounts of dollars; and the people have more purchasing power at home and abroad.

Without the aid of a Marshall Plan or comparable extraordinary assistance, the economic output of Latin America has increased by leaps and bounds in the past ten years. In Mexico, industrial production is up forty-nine per cent and agricultural production thirty-four per cent; in Chile, increases in these fields have amounted to fifty-one per cent and eight per cent; in Brazil, to fifty-six per cent and twelve per cent. These figures are not selected because they are particularly favorable, but because they are typical of the increase in nearly all the Latin American countries. They are convincing evidence that Latin America is one under-developed area which is helping itself. All government announcements about Point Four of the President's 1949 Inaugural Address have emphasized that self-help must be the *sine qua non* of further U. S. economic aid. Latin America meets this test as well as or better than any other so-called under-developed area of the world. Tapping local capital and skills means that U. S. dollars will go much further.

The government's dollars can also go much further because we may expect U. S. private investors to bear a much larger share of development costs. In recent years there have been encouraging signs that Latin America is not a very frightening area if our dollars are at all in the mood to go abroad. In the four postwar years, the United States has invested about $1.75 billion of private capital directly in foreign enterprise. Of this amount, almost three-fifths has been invested in Latin America, as against about one-seventh in the ERP countries, *including* their territories in Asia and Africa.

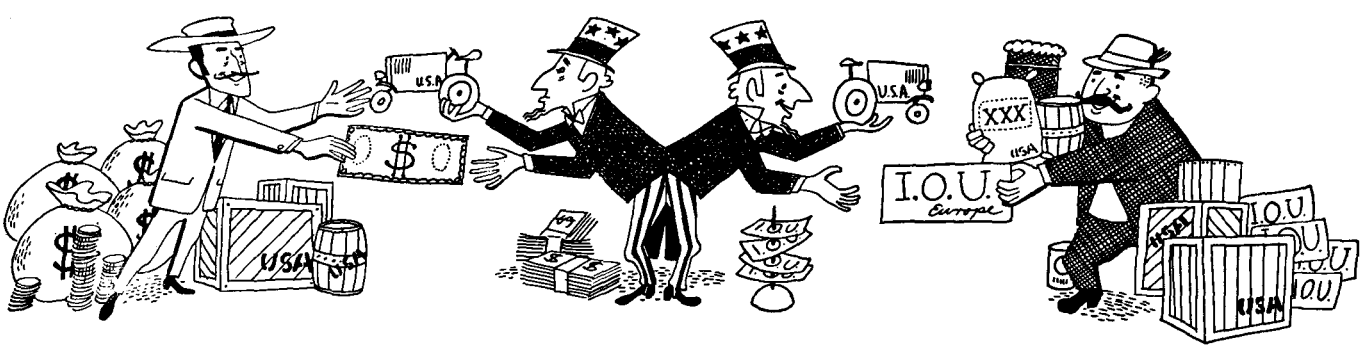
Petroleum companies account for a lion's share—seventy per cent—of this American investment in Latin America. This means that we have been investing only about seventy million dollars a year in Latin American power, manufacturing, mining, agriculture, etc. That isn't big money when you talk about improving living standards for 150 million people. But it still is more private capital than is flowing to any other part of the world. If Point Four is to mean anything, this flow of private capital will have to increase.

Neither our government nor our private investors have it in their power to create all the conditions which make capital flow abroad. The Latin American countries will have to do their share. It won't cost dollars to do this but it will require straight thinking.

There are lots of signs that American capital can go to Latin America and be well and fairly treated. The old fears of foreign capital are disappearing, and several countries are looking for the right formula for attracting investors. The formula, accordin- to us, is not hard to find: "Just treat our investors as well as your own."

It remains to be seen whether this will be done. We can be sure, however, that if the formula is adopted, and if we make it easier for Latin America to sell to us, and can make key loans to build the roads and power plants that private capital can't create, but must have, we can count on having better customers—and neighbors—south of the border.

—JACK CORBETT



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Triumph of a Shy Dictator

Retiring in private, fierce in public, Laureano Gómez of Colombia won power by character-assassination, a fake election, and martial law

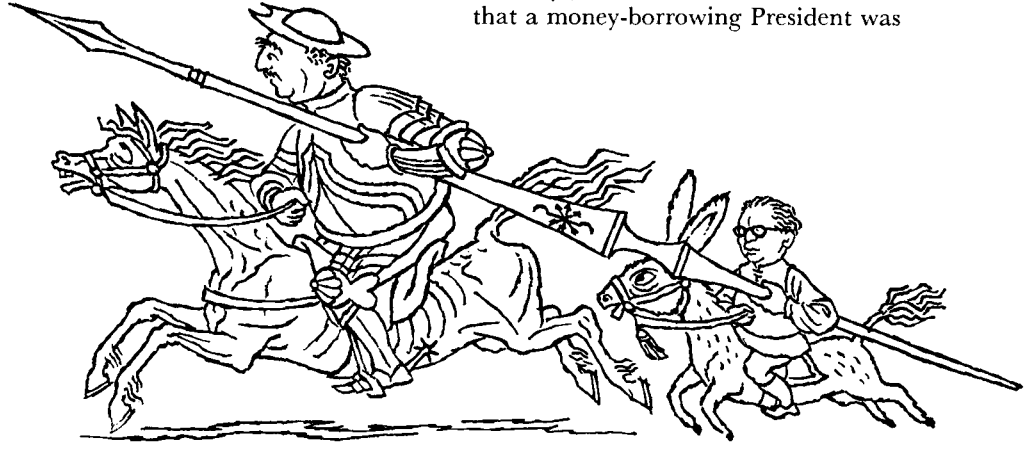
Sixteen years ago, Laureano Gómez, who recently won a single-slate mock election for the Presidency of Colombia, was severely humiliated in a debate on the floor of the Colombian Parliament. A pitiless, tricky orator, unused to forensic defeats, Gómez took his beating very hard. He went pale, rose from his seat, took a step, and pitched forward unconscious. As a result of his fall, his right arm and leg were paralyzed, and he had to go into retirement for a year.

Gómez had been attacking the work of Eduardo Santos, who had just represented Colombia in a boundary dispute with Peru before the League of Nations. Gómez, whose strategy during the period he was out of power was always to nag at and discredit his political allies and foes alike, spent three solid days making the point that Santos had been a fatuous negotiator and that his Colombian colleagues had been ashamed of him. Santos allowed Gómez to talk himself out. Then he got up and quietly read a letter from the colleagues Gómez had mentioned, warmly praising the Santos mission. That was when Gómez collapsed. The debate and its outcome reveal some of the important elements in Gómez's curious character, which has finally brought him to unchallenged power after forty years of inconsistent but always venomous politics.

Like many other Colombian public men, Gómez comes of a poor family. He entered politics as a career after being a top student at the Bogotá Jesuit schools and an engineering student at the National University. Outside of politics, Gómez is ill-at-ease and shy. He has no personal friends and, except for state occasions, lives a sequestered social life with his family. The implacable ferocity of his public speeches gives way to shyness and stammering in private conversation. Gómez's contacts with the upper classes are made only in his political life. He harbors deep social rancors which find outlet in the violence of his writings and speeches. He has a poor opinion of his fellow men—especially of his countrymen. He wrote once that Colombia was populated by neurotic folk unfortunately descended from Negro slaves, defeated Indians, and Spanish adventurers. His distaste for Colombia extends to its terrain, which he once described as more propitious for the culture of the heron than that of man. But for forty years, he has steadfastly sought power over the country he considers so repellent.

His road to power has been as different from that of most Latin American dictators as Colombia is from most of its neighbors. For forty years, up to 1948, Colombia was one of the most orderly democracies on the continent. Conservative governments gave way to liberal ones, and vice-versa, without bloodshed or dictatorship. Unlike Perón, Odriá, and Delgado Chalbaud, whose appearances on the political scenes of Argentina, Peru, and Venezuela were sudden, Laureano Gómez has figured in all the political struggles of his country for forty years. He has been affiliated with the conservative Right all of that time, but he has never been noted for party loyalty. He has violently opposed Conservative Presidents who did not submit to his will on minor matters.

In many of the personal campaigns Gómez has waged, his motives have not been clear—except that he has generally been interested in discrediting others and aggrandizing himself. In 1921, the President of the Republic, Marco Fidel Suárez, an academician who was born the illegitimate son of a village laundrywoman, fell into Gómez's disfavor. Gómez had no trouble demolishing him. Suárez, a poor man to begin with, was unable to get along on the meager salary Colombia pays its Presidents. Gómez discovered that Suárez had borrowed a few thousand pesos from an American bank, putting up his next several paychecks as collateral. For days, Gómez railed in Parliament that a money-borrowing President was



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a disgrace to Colombia. Instead of pointing out, as he might have, that the loan proved he had never been involved in embezzlement, Suárez resigned, and died not long after.

After his attack on Suárez, Gómez went after President Pedro Nel Ospina (1922-1926), uncle of the present President of Colombia, denouncing him as the thief of some gold ingots. President Abadia (1926-1930) kept Gómez at safe distance in the legation in Berlin. These three Presidents were all fellow members of the Conservative Party. In 1930, the acidity of Gómez's tongue and pen was so feared by other Conservative leaders that he was made chief of the party. That year, the Liberals were voted into office, and Gómez trained his oratorical and editorial guns on them. President Olaya Herrera (1930-1934) was denounced as a bloody agent of Washington; President López (1934-1938 and 1942-1945) was branded an unscrupulous negotiator (one day Gómez's newspaper *El Siglo* printed a caricature of López as an apache dancing with a wanton representing Colombia), and was accused of being involved in the assassination of an insane prize fighter; President Santos (1938-1942) Gómez simply dismissed as a fool.

Since 1930, Gómez's progress toward dictatorial power has been fairly steady. He has been characterized by his allies and adversaries alike as "the monster," a man with an extraordinary will to dominate, who has imposed himself on his party and country not through affection but through fear. Ramírez Moreno, who is now an aide-de-camp of Gómez, said ten years ago, "Gómez has the voice of a master. He dominates his co-partisans with a policy fit for dogs." (In Colombia, dogs are not treated with the affection they receive in this country.)

Although his desire for power has always been clear, his political program has changed constantly and is difficult to follow. He can be quoted on both sides of most of the foreign-policy issues that have confronted Colombia. "Calumny," he once said to a correspondent of the UP, "has represented me as a Falangist. Never have I encouraged parades of a totalitarian type or organized shock troops; and when any so-called 'nationalisms' have arisen, I have fought them with all tenacity." He referred to his book, *El Cuadrilátero* (The Quadrilateral), published in 1934, which had some hard words for Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin.

El Cuadrilátero was his profession of anti-totalitarian faith. But shortly after it was written, his newspaper, *El Siglo,* began recording with jubilation the victories of Hitler and Mussolini and, even more enthusiastically, began extolling the maneuvers of Franco. In those days Gómez was opposed to Colombia's taking part in the war against the Rome-Berlin Axis. A 1940 editorial in *El Siglo* said:

"The North American people should realize that seeking us as an ally, when an external enemy is at their gates, is to demand from us a sacrifice contrary to our honor, and to consign us to a road of abjection—Colombia and Mexico, the two mutilated republics, under the solemn commands of their history, can but offer to North America only the most rigid neutrality."

On December 26, 1949, Gómez, now President-elect, told a correspondent of the New York *Times*: "Fortunately for this country, after [Woodrow] Wilson made a very historic statement, on the relations between the two, [Colombia and the United States] have been cordial and close, and will continue to be so without any doubt. I have always professed great admiration for the firmness and justice of the United States . . ."

In 1944, Gómez began to employ tactics that foreshadowed those which would gain him the Presidency in a mock-election in 1949. That year he published a series of editorials in *El Siglo* which were a frank incitation to the army to conspire against the Liberal Government of President López. One day, López went to the city of Pasto to review the troops, and was arrested by a group of officers. The uprising was quelled within forty-eight hours after it began.

When the news that the revolt had failed reached Bogotá, Gómez typically sought asylum in one of the embassies and then fled to Ecuador, for he speaks and writes only when he feels fully protected by a group. When he isn't, he flees.

Gómez thought it safe to return home in 1945. In 1946, when the Liberals split into two rival factions, Dr. Mariano Ospina Pérez, a Conservative, was elected President. He appointed Gómez Foreign Minister, and in that role the latter presided over the Pan-American Conference in Bogotá in the violent month of April, 1948.

On April 9, when the chief of the Liberal Party was assassinated, the people, assuming that Gómez must have been implicated, demanded his head. He had hidden, but no one knew

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where. The first precise news was that he had flown to Spain, and secured the assistance of General Franco, under whose protection he lived for a year until he returned to Colombia to organize his electoral campaign in 1949.

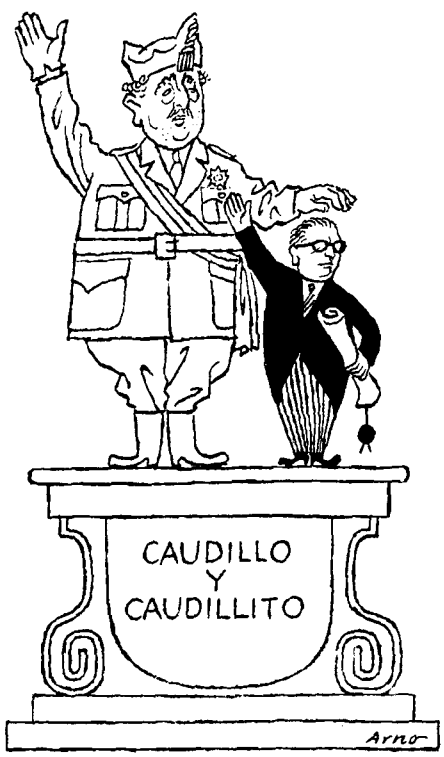
In Spain, both government and press greeted him with jubilation. They had not forgotten the words with which Gómez had greeted the representative of the Falange, Sr. Gines de Albarada, when he came to Bogotá to organize a cell of the international Falange:

"Spain," said Laureano Gómez in a speech, "marching forward as the solitary defender of Christian culture, has assumed the vanguard of western nations in the reconstruction of the Hispanic empire, and in its Falanges we inscribe our names with indescribable joy. Thank God that He has permitted us to live in this epoch of unforeseen transformations and that we are able to exclaim with a cry that rises from our most profound emotions 'Arise Spain, Catholic and Imperial!' "

Last summer, to the applause of those who had formed the Falangist cell in Bogotá, Gómez returned to Colombia to conduct his campaign for the Presidency. The Conservative President, Ospina Pérez, was ready to do anything to help him. Soon Falangist shock troops appeared throughout the country, usually allied with the national police. Gómez opened his campaign by speaking against Congress. His speech of August 13, 1949, is considered in Colombia as an open attack on the country's democratic institutions. *El Tiempo* of Bogotá summed up the central thought of the address as follows: "The Conservative Party would discard the constitutional authority of Congress in order to enthrone anti-democracy, and would substitute for the present Republican régime a system of force, whose principal archtype Sr. Gómez has found in the government of Madrid."

While Gómez made speeches, his henchmen in Parliament, led by his son, proceeded to wreck the Congress. Conservative representatives were supplied with whistles to prevent the Liberal orators from speaking. Then a group of Gómez followers produced revolvers during an open session, assassinated the deputy who was speaking, and critically wounded one of the Liberal representatives, former Rector of the University and former Minister of Foreign Affairs Dr. Soto del Corral. Finally, the President finished the job and closed Congress by force. The proclamation of the candidacy of Gómez was celebrated with a Falangist parade, in which the marchers used chants like the one reprinted by the weekly, *Semana*: "Out with the imbecile democratic state, dominated by the accursed Parliament!"

The Presidential election of November, 1949, was unique in the history of Colombia. In order to ensure victory for Gómez, the Conservative Administration had had to institute a reign of terror in which the Colombia Constitution was thrown aside. The Administration shut down not only Parliament but all the state assemblies and the municipal councils, which were, for the most part, heavily Liberal; it put the entire press under the control of the editors of *El Siglo;* it silenced the Supreme Court; it proclaimed martial law; fomented violence in which thousands of Colombians died, both in the Capital and in the provinces; converted the police into Nazi-type shock troops.



Under these circumstances, the Liberals withdrew their candidates and called for a boycott of the election. Only a third to a half of the number of voters who normally turn out in Columbia bothered to cast ballots.

In previous electoral campaigns, candidates went from place to place, speaking publicly to the electorate. Ex-President Santos once said, "there are nine hundred municipalities in Colombia and I have been in each one of them." Gómez did not leave the capital. He made his speeches from a desk in a radio station. After his election, Gómez said:

"I praise God a thousand times, because He has infused in my heart this ardent love of my country and permitted my mind to be impregnated with a sublime doctrine whose high principles preclude any spirit of egoism or passion. I praise God because He had permitted me daringly to penetrate the fires of rancor without contaminating my heart and because I find myself joyful without shadow of vengeance, clean without bitterness."

He made this comment on the election itself: "The electoral contest transpired amid calm, free of violence, with full guarantees for the citizens, due to the indefatigable efforts and example of the illustrious President, Ospina Pérez. Present and future generations will have to thank this lofty action of this chief executive, who once again has preserved the integrity of democratic institutions and the empire of order."

Gómez expects to take possession of the Presidency in August. Until then, Mariano Ospina Pérez, elected President in 1946, remains the apparent chief of state, exercising his own dictatorship, a sort of full-dress rehearsal for Gómez's. Today no newspaper or broadcasting system in the country can criticize the Administration, or report an item of news that has not passed the censor. Parliament remains suspended. Private telephone conversations are monitored. Denunciation of a person by one individual is enough to bring him before a military tribunal.

What can the United States expect from Gómez's reign? A show of friendship at any rate. Calmly ignoring his old rancor toward the United States, Gómez has already initiated a strong campaign to win American friendship and funds. He has hired a public-relations firm in New York to convince the American public of the advantages of both tourism and dictatorship in Colombia. —Germán Arciniegas

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maurice Utrillo

Courtesy of Carstairs Gallery

To Man's Measure . . .

On National Survival

When the weight of the German occupation lifted from the fields of France, a certain number of obscene objects appeared for everyone to see: the pallid informer who had handed over French men and women to torture and death; the bloated profiteer; the grubby theoretician with a natural inclination to treason. This bestiary of dishonor attempted, of course, to wriggle, crawl, and worm its way to safety to the tall grass, the roadside ditch, the abandoned well. It was stamped out.

It would be pleasanter to remain in this world of metaphor. Even Vishinsky, when he has men to kill, prefers to call them "vipers." But it is human beings who betray, and it was Frenchmen, not beasts or bugs, who were executed after summary trial by courts-martial when the Resistance took over. The official figure has just been given out; it is three thousand; it is certainly a low estimate.

For the accused whom everyone knew, for Pétain, Laval, and Darnand, who had always been in full sight, a "High Court of Justice" was instituted. The necessity for creating this court rose from the fact that the French judiciary system in the main had been subservient to the Vichy régime and could not be expected to judge the men to whom it had pledged allegiance. Later, however, it was entrusted with the task of doing so. The "High Court of Justice" heard one hundred cases, sent ten men to death. It tried cases in much the same manner as the revolutionary tribunals of 1789: Its jurors openly snarled, jeered, and cursed at the accused; the public was permitted to manifest its hatred; the judge—but this is normal in French procedure—joined in the prosecution; the defense lawyers kept absurdly proclaiming their patriotism. If only Pétain, aged ninety-three, still a prisoner on the Island of Yeu, would be considerate enough to die, the French could more easily forget that their "High Court of Justice" was not a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

court at all, and that serious political trials of Pétain and the others—trials which also might well lead to conviction—have not taken place.

"Courts of Justice," a special extension of the Assize Courts, handled other cases, 120,000 or so. These had four-man juries, nearly always packed with members of the Resistance, Communist or otherwise. Most of them were presided over by judges who had served Vichy. At one time there were ninety of these courts, one for each department. They acquitted thirty-seven thousand defendants; they sent thirty-eight thousand to jail; they sentenced forty thousand to "national degradation," an aggravated form of the loss of civil rights; they put eight hundred more people to death. About a thousand other death sentences were commuted by General de Gaulle or President Vincent Auriol. The last of these courts is closing now.

In the advertisements for foreign travel, the obese, aged, or industrious never leave home. Tall gentlemen in dinner coats—red carnations in their buttonholes—escort their tall and lovely ladies to shipboard dinner. They are on their way to the Negresco Hotel in Nice, the Carlton Hotel in Cannes; they are going to motor along the poplar-bordered roads of France, admiring cathedrals and chateaux, and then it will be good to be in the Paris Ritz Hotel again, and meet other tall, dinner-jacketed gentlemen in the American Bar. Once in a while they may run into some Frenchman, who will wish them in hell.

The serious traveler, the student, the businessman, the artist, will see many Frenchmen. It is not impossible that he will meet one of the forty thousand who have been condemned to national degradation. Certainly he will be made aware of their existence; they have families and friends, and so have all the 120,000 who were brought to trial, the eight thousand still in jail, and the 3,800 who were executed. Pétain, too, has sympathizers, and so have Joseph Darnand, the head of the Vichy Militia, which tortured Frenchmen for the Germans, and even Pierre Laval. The American, traveling abroad, will wonder how there could have been so many traitors, how it is that so many people still feel solidarity with them, and how it is that a France so divided can pretend to live.

A nation is like the human body. In times of stress, it sets in motion automatic mechanisms to defend all points where it is attacked. It sends out its soldiers when there is a war. In defeat, it produces its resistance movement—a minority of heroes, a minority of active participants in the underground—and a minority of traitors. The majority forms a buttress of passivity: It endures. As Sieyès remarked after the French Revolution to someone who was astonished at finding him alive after those violent years: "What did I do? I survived."

In defeat, most soldiers follow their officers until communications break down and there is no leadership. Then there remains only the stubborn second lieutenant, and his company fights at his side until he is killed; there remains the brave sergeant, and the platoon fights at his side until he is killed; but afterwards there is nothing but men wandering about in despair, in disorder, grieving and plundering, until some authority somewhere tells them that they are demobilized because the war is lost.

In defeat most civilians go about their business. The postman delivers the mail; the judges sit in judgment, the worker goes to his factory—because one has to eat, because everything is lost anyway, because the Germans have won the war, because the Americans are going to win the war, because everything is being decided by somebody else, and the wheat has to be sown, the harvest has to be harvested. Neither heroic nor traitorous, the majority betrays—in a minor, unobtrusive way—and is heroic. The majority betrays whenever it does not set fire to the crops, blow up cities and factories, tear up the railway tracks, and create a desert. The majority betrays whenever it does not leave a Napoleon in a burning Moscow. But when, sick at heart and enslaved, the majority pursues its daily tasks—the bank clerk punctual at his desk; the workman supporting his family—it yet is heroic in a minor, unobtrusive way. It does its work. If it didn't, there would be no country for the heroes to save.

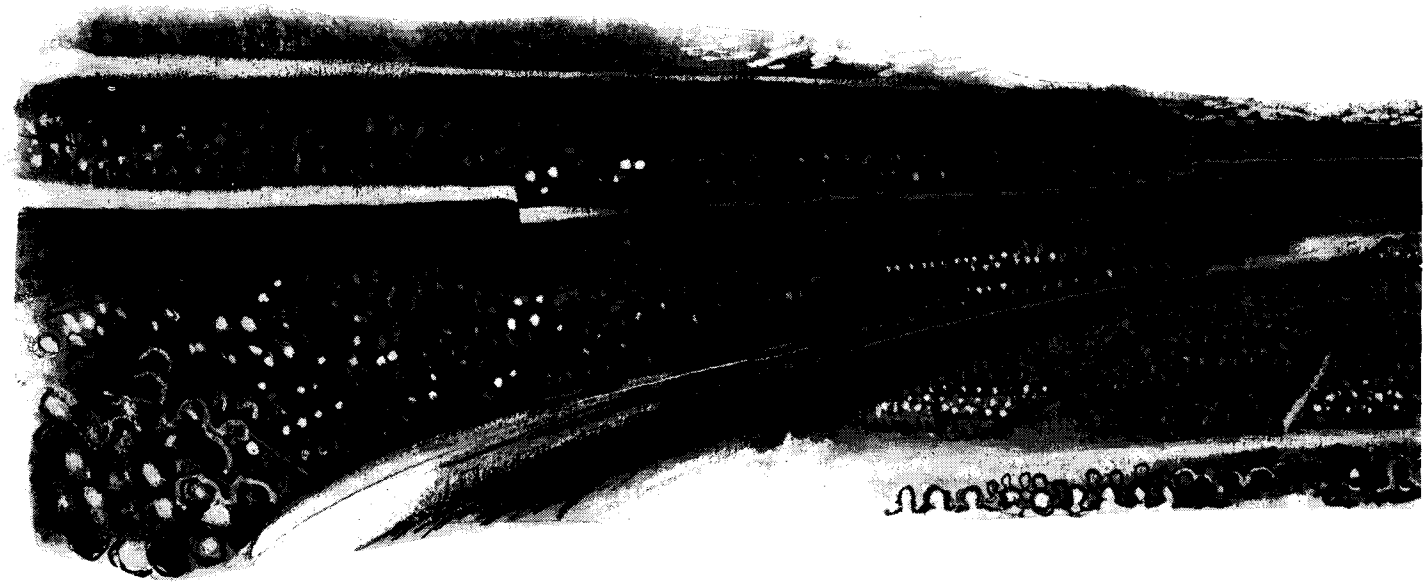
The heroes are easily distinguishable; *some* traitors are easy to distinguish. The informer, the man who betrays through fear or for money, is easy to distinguish. The collaborator, the traitor, must accept the wages of his betrayal: They are paid in contempt. A few of the traitors may have betrayed for the best reason, may have deliberately made the sacrifice of their personal honor. But the nation cannot read hearts. If there are any pure ones, they must be lost in the throng of the corrupt, the cowards, and the cruel. The nation is perfectly right to execute them all. The nation cannot forget that Frenchmen tortured and executed Frenchmen, handed compatriots over to the Germans to be tortured and executed or to die betrayed by their own in German prison camps.

There is a kind of traitor who has been useful to a nation in the past. Sometimes he keeps his name of traitor; sometimes he loses it and is thought of very differently. Talleyrand spent a debauched life of complete treachery, yet deviously served the continuity of the French state. When Napoleon had the young Duke of Enghien shot at Vincennes for conspiring against the nation; when Napoleon fell, and the French King Louis XVIII was brought back to Paris by the Russian Alexander, the British Wellington, and the Prussians "in the baggage of the Allies"—who was traitor to whom? Even the traitors of 1940-1944 bargained, haggled, saved a few Resistance lives, spared a few Jews. The Vichy régime, bargaining, haggling, betraying even itself, served the Allied aims. It seems that the nation unconsciously seeks survival, and will always use any instrument that comes to hand.

Generally these instruments are considered contemptible, before and after they serve their purpose. Chateaubriand said: "There are times when one must be niggardly in giving out the alms of contempt, so many are the deserving." Such times always come at the moment of decision—when a war that was lost is won, when a régime is overthrown. Then the nation chastises its Pétain, its Lavals. The nation brings its 120,000 cases before its courts; the dishonorable graves are filled. After a while the last court closes. The nation, using the inextricable action and counter-action of its traitors and heroes, each for their own purposes, has survived.

—Gouverneur Paulding

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How Beulah-Land Came to Boston

"Ten years to save the world!" thundered the Rev. Billy Graham, urging New England sinners to hit Billy Sunday's sawdust trail

From Down East in Maine they came, from the mountain country of Vermont, from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, the Massachusetts hinterland, even from French-speaking Quebec. Twenty thousand quiet, for the most part elderly, people filled the narrow streets around the Boston Garden, a cavernous hall that is the home grounds of the Bruins Hockey Team, that afternoon of January 16. They were waiting for the Rev. Billy Graham, the handsome thirty-one-year-old evangelist from Charlotte, North Carolina, to conduct the grand Boston finale of his Mid-Century Revival, which the Boston *Post* described as the greatest such event in the city since Billy Sunday urged thousands of Bostonians along the sawdust trail in 1917.

The Garden session was the climax of a seventeen-day stand in Boston. During it, Graham preached to an estimated hundred thousand people, some five thousand of whom, according to the city's papers, were induced to rush up the aisles, renounce sin, and espouse Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. The fervor with which the Boston press espoused Graham's cause was almost as heartening to his sponsors—a group of Protestant ministers—as the numbers of the repentant.

Since the days of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, Boston has probably witnessed as much spectacular religious activity as any city in America, and Graham's press coverage indicates that almost every Boston editor is fully aware that these periodic stampedes toward redemption make salable copy. Between January 10 and January 17, the *Christian Science Monitor* was the only paper that ignored Graham, while the rest of Boston's press compensated handsomely for the slight. The *Post*, for instance, devoted eight front-page stories, a dozen pictures, and a three-page serialized biography—a total of 2,249 lines—to Graham. This count doesn't include several sizable paid advertisements.

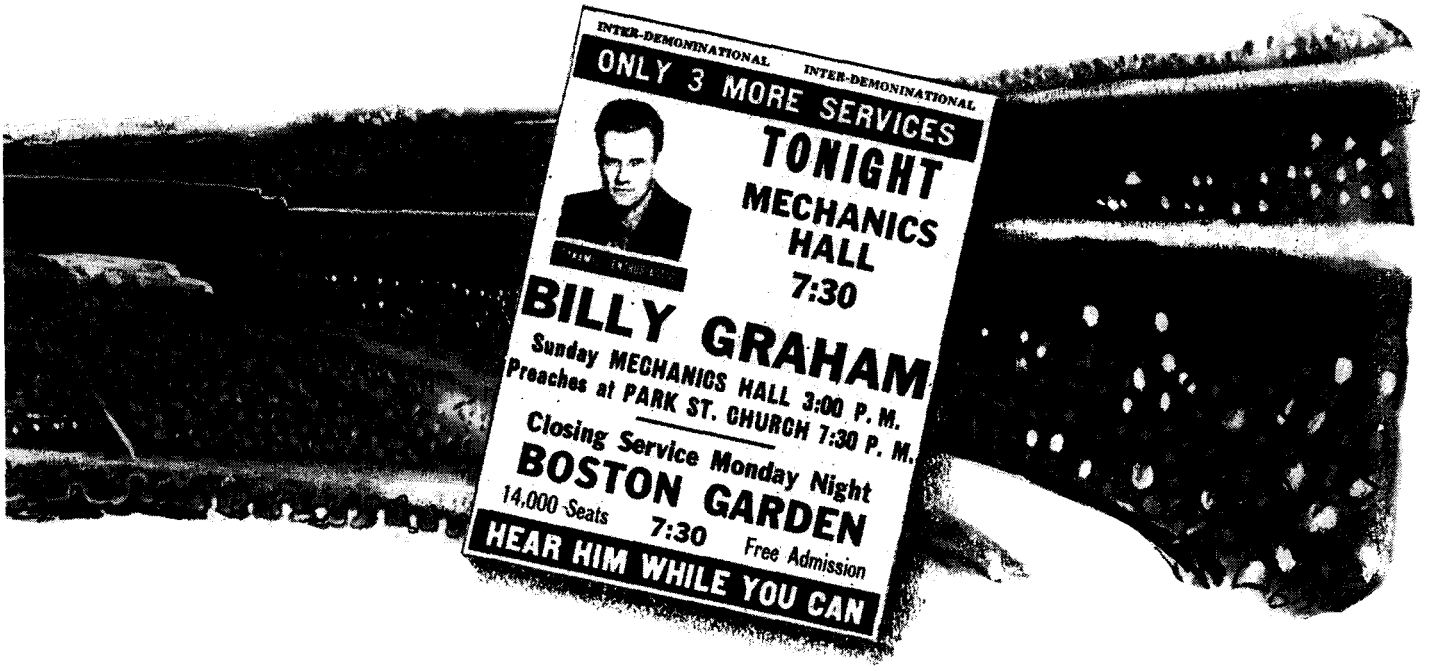
The lead of the *Post*'s January 16 front-page story on Graham was factual and very much to the point:

"Heaven, the Rev. Billy Graham told the largest audience he had addressed so far in Boston yesterday, is 1,600 miles long, 1,600 miles wide and 1,600 miles high." Later in the same story the *Post* quoted Graham as calling Heaven "just as real a place as Los Angeles . . . or Boston." The paper did not report that any member of the audience had taken exception to Graham's cosmography.

The Rev., or Dr., Billy Graham (the papers preferred the former title, his followers the latter) had come to Boston after triumphant stands in England, and in Los Angeles and several other American cities, including three weeks in Atlanta, Georgia. Prior to the Boston meetings, the most enthusiastic audiences had been those in Los Angeles, where the press, led by Hearst's *Herald-Examiner*, had proven itself almost as alert as Boston's to the copy value of mass redemption.

On the afternoon before the meeting at the Boston Garden, I went over to Dr. Graham's hotel suite in an attempt

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



to get an inkling of what he planned to tell his closing-night audience, and also to find out something about the theological training that was enabling him, at the age of thirty-one, to cut a wider and better-publicized swath through the Devil's vineyard than anyone since Billy Sunday. I knew something of his background from the newspaper accounts, and from them also I had learned that Dr. Graham's principal message is his belief that the Day of Judgment is approaching at almost supersonic speed, and is due to arrive about 1960.

Dr. Graham and his party, which included his pretty wife and his fellow evangelist and North Carolinian, the Rev. Grady Wilson, were staying at a faded, late-Victorian hotel on the unfashionable side of Beacon Hill. When I arrived Graham was resting, having been up most of the night talking with some of his new converts, and having risen early to pray before the state legislature. I was finally taken in hand by the Rev. Wilson, an amiable man with the easy manner of a Southern deputy sheriff and a flair for flamboyant haberdashery.

An early thwarted love, I learned, had originally turned Graham to evangelism. The incident had occurred during his days at Trinity College, a small denominational school in Tampa, Florida. Before that he and Wilson had been confirmed at a Baptist meeting in Charlotte, their home town. After his youthful rejection, Graham had devoted more and more energy to study of the Gospel and the practice of public speaking. His oratory he had developed by mounting an old cypress stump along the Hillsboro River, near Tampa, and addressing the birds and insects of the surrounding swamp.

After a couple of semesters, Wilson went on, Graham had transferred from Trinity to Wheaton College in Illinois. There, although he had, inexplicably, majored in anthropology, his main interest had continued to be the Bible. There also he had met his dark, statuesque future wife, the daughter of a missionary. Before their engagement she had had a screen test, but the idea of a career in Hollywood had seemed to her too frivolous.

I asked Wilson about Graham's title of "Doctor." He had, I was told, received honorary doctorates from Bob Jones University, in Greenville, South Carolina (which he attended briefly before going to Trinity), and from Kings College, in Wilmington, Delaware. Wilson now began warming up on his and Graham's joint efforts.

"We welcome anybody and everybody who wants to join our mission," he said. "The only solution to the crime wave, the breakdown of the American home by divorce, the heavy liquor traffic, and the sex looseness is by a personal acceptance of Jesus Christ."

In the South, Graham and Wilson work largely among white Protestants, but, Wilson said, "We don't condemn any group or any sect. We invite the Negroes to our meetings because we believe there is salvation for every race, color, and creed in Christ. But you know how things are in the South. The Negroes don't come to white meetings in large numbers. Sometimes we have special services for them at their invitation, but we don't force ourselves on them."

"Dr. Billy Graham has no political ax to grind. Except," said Wilson, "we believe that Communism as it is practiced in Russia is definitely atheistic and anti-Christian. We urge people to answer Communism with the spreading of the gospel."

The two steer clear of political and racial issues, according to Wilson. "What's the point of attacking a cause when you're after sinners? If a man's a sinner and he's a member of the Ku Klux Klan, we're not going to lose the chance of saving him by attacking the organization he belongs to."

Graham was originally brought to Boston by a group of Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian ministers, who had heard good reports of his Los Angeles gatherings, for a three-day prayer meeting. The Catholic priesthood neither applauded nor denounced the revival, and it was estimated that at least a third of the members of Graham's audiences were of Catholic upbringing.

As Graham's campaign stretched out into a week, and then two weeks, with both audiences and press coverage seemingly increasing daily by geometric proportions, it began to take on the aspects of big business. Estimated con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

servatively, the cost of the full seventeen-day crusade exceeded eighteen thousand dollars. Rent alone for Mechanics Hall, Boston Opera House, and the Garden amounted to eleven thousand dollars. Newspaper advertising took $3,500, and other forms of propaganda another $1,500. Travel and hotel expenses for the evangelical team reached two thousand dollars.

Total offerings, however, were greater than the cost, and the surplus, it was announced, would be donated to charities designated by Graham's sponsoring committee, which, in addition to the ministers, included several Boston businessmen. The proceeds of one offering, however, solicited at a Sunday service in Mechanics Hall (capacity six thousand) were for Billy Graham and his party.

"People forget," said Dr. Harold J. Ockenga, pastor of Park Street Church, and chief sponsor of the Mid-Century campaign, "that an evangelist can only make three or four major crusades like this a year, and the rest of the time he is engaged in smaller meetings and classes. Therefore the fund he received doesn't represent payment for eighteen days' work, but compensates in part for the other work he must do too for the glory of God."

After I had left Wilson at the hotel, and was going back toward the Garden, I passed the Tremont Temple Baptist Church. There the day had been set aside as a special one of prayer for Graham's health and strength. I stepped inside, following a group of what I took to be the evangelist's well-wishers, who seemed to be filing in and out in relays. A sizable congregation had gathered, and one after another members of it arose and appealed in loud voices to God to protect Graham and send him everywhere there were sinners.

As I emerged from the church, I noticed that a movie theatre marquee down the street was advertising the film, "Devil in the Flesh." Underneath were the words, "Not Shown Sunday."

When I arrived at the Garden, at about 5 P.M., the streets around it were jammed. Graham was due to appear at 7, but the crowd had become so dense that the management decided to open the doors then, an hour early. Within minutes approximately fourteen thousand people packed the Garden floor and balconies. In about a quarter of an hour, the Boston Fire Department had to limit admission to holders of reserved seats.

About seven thousand people were still milling around outside the Garden. Graham's sponsors had anticipated the overflow by setting up loudspeakers through which the service could be heard in the street. The police later estimated that two thousand or so had huddled before these for the rest of the evening, oblivious to the chilly wind from the Charles Basin. About five thousand more people gave up and went home.

Inside the Garden, a choir, billed as "the largest ever assembled in New England," was warming up. The leader, Cliff Barrows, who was also to perform as trombone soloist during the evening, had loosened his brilliant necktie, and in a few minutes decided to shed his blue flannel blazer, as he alternately coddled, harangued, applauded, and cajoled the 2,500 singers, much like a seasoned cheerleader before a football crowd.

The group repeated phrases again and again, until they met with Barrows's approval. "Boy, these are real Hallelujah words," he assured them. "You've got to hit 'em hard. If you ever sang a Hallelujah, sing it now. Punch it. Every one of you. Don't forget it. Punch yourself and punch your neighbor. Then you'll really punch that Hallelujah! The Lord will bless you for it."

Applause broke out as Barrows, finishing his rehearsal, jerked his tie into place, put on his jacket, and placed his highly-polished trombone on the lectern behind the battery of microphones through which some stations would broadcast the service. The songleader appealed to the audience:

"We love you all, you wonderful people who have come here to join us in seeking out God. Please don't applaud if you like what we do or say up here. Say a big Amen deep inside."

A moment later Billy Graham and his wife arrived on the rostrum, amid a tremendous murmur. Flashbulbs popped as Graham waved to the crowd like a champion prizefighter, and posed with his wife for a few pictures before both sat down in a pair of handsome carved chairs just behind the lectern.

From 7 to 7:45, according to the program, there would be a sequence of Salvation music, to be played by the Boston Palace Corps band of the Salvation Army.

The band's leader arose. "Our songs, our arrangements, our presentations," he announced over the public-address system, "cannot be heard anywhere else. They are Salvation works composed by believers in Salvation."

He proceeded to lead the large band through a series of very spirited hymns. Eight o'clock, I noticed by my program, would be "Prayer Time"—one minute of it—followed by the performance of a soloist. The next item read: "8:08:—Recognition of Delegations, Tributes to the Press and Co-operating Pastors, Introductions of Notable Visitors." At 8:23, the choir would be heard formally. The program finally got down to Dr. Graham with:

8:58—Dr. Billy Graham introduced
9:00—Dr. Graham preaching
9:45—Invitation to Accept Christ

Graham was wearing a neat brown suit, white shirt, and green tie. In his lapel was fastened a miniature microphone, no larger than a bachelor's-button, that would enable him to pace and wheel about the platform without having to stay too close to the fixed microphones.

Graham's topic was "Time's Final Drama." First he paid tribute to local newspapers for their warm response to the revival campaign. "We expected to find Boston cold and intellectual,"

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he said. "But you and your newspapers took us to your loving hearts. . . . Yes, all the glory, all the credit, and all the praise for this great meeting belong to the Lord Jesus Christ and to your newspapers for doing His noble work."

Billy promised to return. "Next spring," he said, "we'll be back again. Not only here but all over New England for a great city-by-city spiritual revival." (A few days later a Congregationalist minister in a nearby city said to me, "Oh, dear. What can we do to keep him out of here? We don't need his kind of circus to spread the meaning of God.")

The time had now come for Graham's sermon. Taking a copy of the scripture and spreading it open in his left hand, he began:

"I can see the footprints of God. I haven't felt such a mighty shaking of God before. Yes, I tell you, 1950 is going to be a year of spiritual revival all over America. It better had. You know why? Well, I'll tell you why. Yes, there are only ten years to save the world and we've got to save the world by a spiritual revival, by getting back to God. There's no other way to stop Communism from destroying us.

"Now God says: 'I'm going to give America one more chance. But this is the last chance. My patience will be spent.' I warn you to get right with God. I warn you to repent your sins and come to Jesus Christ. That's what God says."

By now the thousands in the arena, silent and hushed, had every eye fixed on the blond evangelist. His tie had been loosened, and the top button of his shirt was opened to ease his bobbing larynx. Up and down the fifty-foot dais he paced, bending low or flinging his hands into the air as he talked, whispered, or thundered.

He told how God had ordered Noah to build an Ark: "Noah called the carpenters and masons and joiners together. He got their union representatives into his office and agreed to pay them union wages. But when the Ark was finished, they couldn't get in because they were sinners. They listened to the intellectuals and to the philosophers and to the scientists . . . But Noah believed God. God said there'd be a flood. So he prayed to God, he accepted God, and got aboard the Ark. And Mrs. Noah, she got on, too . . . When the society women called her up for a bridge game, she told them she was too busy building the Ark."

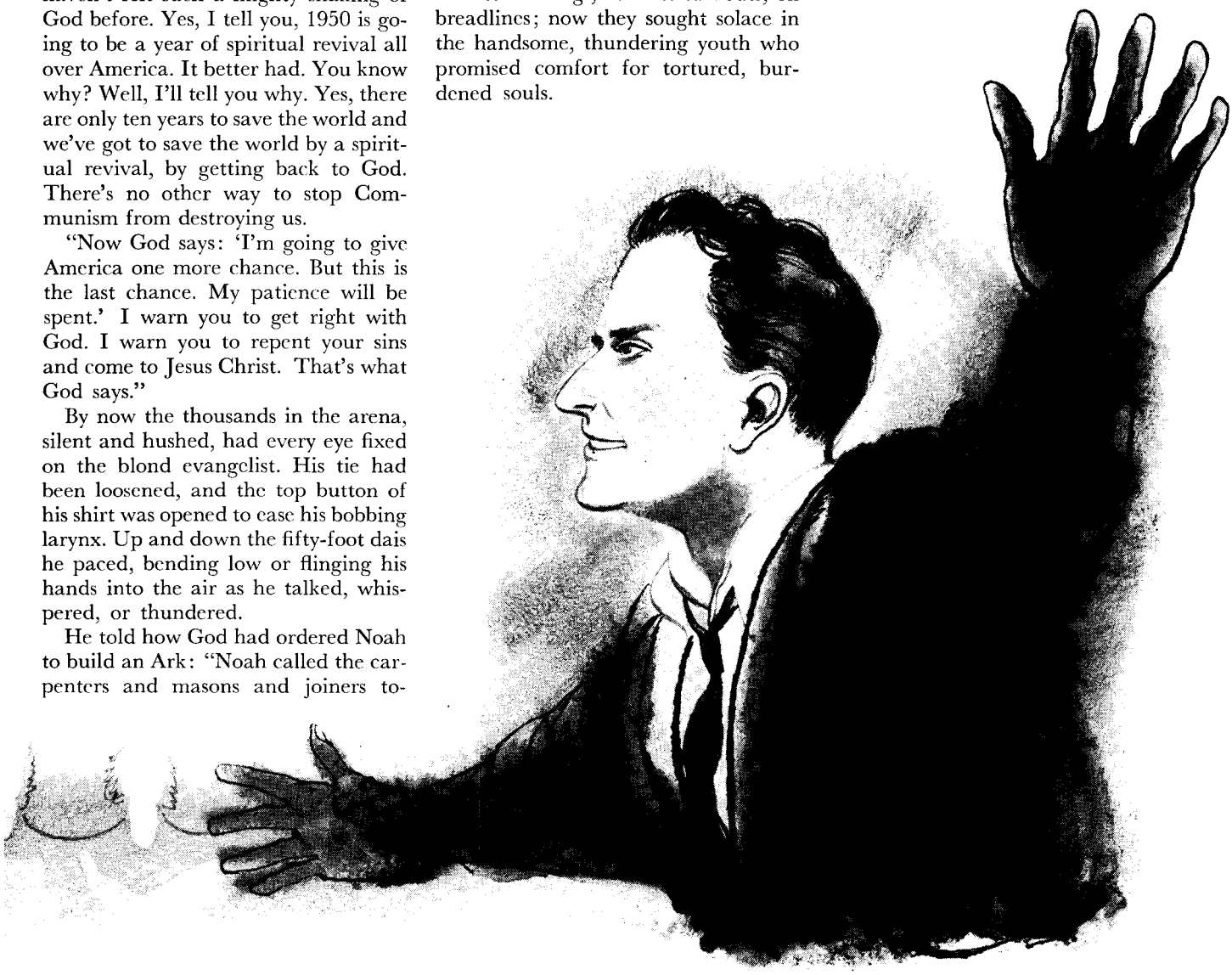
"Yes, you too, you who are sinners can still know God and be saved. You can know Him through Jesus Christ." Old women, old men, younger ones, teen-agers, and pregnant women leaning on neighbors for support, daubed handkerchiefs to swollen eyes. These were the people one had seen at Townsendite meetings, at mass turnouts, on breadlines; now they sought solace in the handsome, thundering youth who promised comfort for tortured, burdened souls.

Finally Graham, eyes flashing and blond hair altogether disarrayed, issued the call for those who wanted to be saved. "Raise your hands so God and I can see them. Raise them high." Then, as Wilson and Barrows helped him to spot the repentant, he started calling out, "I see a man over there. God bless you. A girl up there. God bless you. A woman down there. God bless you . . ."

As converts began rising all over the hall, he paused for a moment, then issued a call for them all to come to the rostrum.

More than two thousand people began streaming into the aisles. Many of their faces were drawn with fear as they began converging on Graham, edging closer to receive pamphlets containing instructions for subsequent steps toward redemption.

—Arthur W. Hepner



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington

Queen of the Democrats

The United States, often characterized by anthropologists and visiting Englishmen as a matriarchy, actually boasts very few women in posts of strategic power. No woman sits in the Cabinet or with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. No woman presides over any basic industry. No woman bosses a major labor union or runs a national farm organization.

There is one woman who devotes twelve hours a day to redressing this imbalance: India Walker Gillespie Moffet Edwards, perhaps the least-known and most influential woman in American public life. The realm of private enterprise is outside her scope, but within her bailiwick Mrs. Edwards, an affable, energetic matron of fifty-four, has rung up an unparalleled score: In five years as President, Mr. Truman has appointed or reappointed women to ten top-level positions in government:

- Treasurer of the United States Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark
- Ambassador to Denmark Mrs. Eugenia Anderson
- Minister to Luxembourg Mrs. Perle Mesta
- Federal Communications Commissioner Frieda B. Hennock
- Assistant Surgeon-General Lucille Petry
- War Claims Commissioner Georgia L. Lusk
- Civil Service Commissioner Frances Perkins
- Director of the Mint Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross
- Representative to the U. N. General Assembly Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
- Representative to UNESCO Mrs. Esther Caukin Brunauer

Of these appointees, the first five owe their selection and ultimate confirmation largely to the efforts of Mrs. Edwards. In addition, she has secured the appointment of the first woman Federal judge in the U. S. District Court for the District of Columbia, Mrs. Burnita Shelton Matthews, and has helped select nearly two hundred women as delegates, alternates, or advisers to international conferences.

Mrs. India Edwards

Mrs. Edwards's springboard has been her post as Executive Director of the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee. As such, she masterminds the electioneering activities of some sixty thousand female party workers and supervises the bulk of the committee's "educational" activities. So effective were her ladies in educating voters of both sexes in 1948 that even the most misogynic of Democratic politicos afterwards agreed she should have her pick of Federal plums. They probably assumed she would want to be Postmistress General, or possibly an ambassadress. Instead, she has taken her reward in jobs for other women, which are, she feels, only the first installment on what is due her sex.

The government currently employs some 480,000 women; but only about five hundred of these earn more than five thousand dollars a year. Of those who exercise some minimal authority, two hundred are in ECA and the Foreign Service, forty-two in the Labor Department, and thirty-six in the Federal Security Administration. Well down on the list are the Executive Office, with five women; and the Defense and Justice Departments, with four each. Congress has nine female members. "If," observes Mrs. Edwards tartly, "we had the same percentage of women as India has in her Constituent Assembly, we would have eighty-five Congresswomen."

Though Mrs. Edwards's earliest political memory is of hanging onto her mother's hand during a Nashville suffragette parade, she is no doctrinaire feminist. She does believe that "if there were more women in policy-making positions, there would be a better chance of settling problems amic-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ably rather than by war"—a fairly traditional feminine attitude. But, untraditionally, Mrs. Edwards won't go to bat for women *as* women. The candidate has to be at least as well qualified as the available man—"and usually a damned sight more so."

When a vacancy occurs that she has a candidate for, Mrs. Edwards is apt to be found at the President's elbow. "India," commented one male admirer, "is a direct-actionist." However, far from being a frustrated beldame working off her grudges against the dominant sex, India Edwards has experienced singularly little difficulty competing with men, likes them, and is liked by them.

Named India after her mother, Mrs. Edwards lived quietly in Nashville until she was ten. Then her widowed mother married a man named Gillespie, who worked for Cluett, Peabody, the shirt and collar firm. The family moved to Detroit for a year, to Chicago for another, and then to St. Louis. There a high-school teacher, who had "discovered" Fannie Hurst, decided he had another literary genius in young India. He urged her to enroll in the Columbia School of Journalism. Stepfather Gillespie said "No." Girls of good family, he insisted, did not go away to college.

India's reaction was characteristic. She didn't defy her stepfather, nor did she mope in the parlor. She went off to Chicago and wangled herself a job on the *Tribune*. Freelancing at five dollars a story, she was soon costing the *Tribune* seventy to eighty dollars a week. Finally, as an economy measure, the paper put her on the payroll, at thirty-five dollars.

India's first assignments took her to wrestling matches and prize fights ("the woman's angle"), to the salons and offices of V.I.P.'s, and to the opera, where she helped the society editor. Ten months later the society editor left, and India got the job.

It was a job she was to hold, off and on, for twenty-two years, expanding it into control of the whole woman's page. The "off" period is accounted for by her marriage to John Fletcher Moffet, an insurance broker, which later ended in divorce. From 1924 to 1931 she retired from journalism to bring up their two children, India and John. The "on" period is less comprehensible: India was an unabashed Democrat on a paper that regarded itself as the fountainhead of Republicanism. When reproached with this anomaly, publisher Robert R. McCormick merely grunted: "Hell, if she can stand me, I can stand her."

McCormick and she stood each other until 1942. In that year India left her job to marry again. She became the wife of Herbert T. Edwards, who was Chief of the Division of International Motion Pictures at the State Department in Washington. A year later her nineteen-year-old son, John Holbrook Moffet, an Air Force flier, was killed when a student he was instructing froze at the controls of a training plane.

John's death was a deep shock to Mrs. Edwards, and for several months she was absent from public life. Then Clare Boothe Luce arose at the Republican Convention of 1944 to mourn aloud the death of "G.I. Jim," to attack the man "who promised peace—yes, peace—to Jim's mother and father," and to declare that "Jim has taken the rap for everyone, from the man in the White House down to the man around the corner."

India Edwards snapped off the radio nearly hard enough to break the on-off switch. She did not sit down and pen a letter to the New York *Times*. She did not complain to or about Mrs. Luce. Tight-lipped, she went down the next morning to the Democratic National Committee and offered her services as an unpaid volunteer.

"Politics," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary." Mrs. Edwards had voted regularly, but she had never studied political science, run for office, helped anyone else run for office, or performed party work on any level. But she did have two decades of experience on a tough metropolitan newspaper, and the will to work sixteen hours a day.

She was put to work at a typewriter, hammering out "releases." She graduated to speeches, radio scripts, interviews, and reports. When the 1944 campaign was over, she was offered the post of Executive Secretary of the Women's Division of the Democratic Party. By February, 1947, she had become its Associate Director. On April 20, 1948, Chairman J. Howard McGrath appointed her Executive Director—the job she now holds.

Mrs. Edwards had made it a condition of her acceptance that someone else would handle oratory for her. By convention time, she was ready to overcome her rostrum-shyness; she figured nobody would say what she wanted said, in the way she wanted. Equipping herself with a market basket of edibles, a balloon (labeled PRICES), and a small girl, she took over the microphone—and the Democratic Convention. She produced a rather bloody piece of steak. Two years before, under OPA, it would have cost forty-six cents; she had paid $1.10 for it in Philadelphia that morning. She practically undressed her urchin aide in comparing the 1946 and 1948 prices of slip, pinafore, socks, shoes, and hat. Before she had finished—thanks to the microphones and television cameras—she was something of a national figure.

In the campaign that followed, India Edwards introduced other techniques. "Housewives for Truman" sallied forth in "Truman Trailers" to stump their states. Congressmen who at first looked askance at such undignified tactics were soon making speeches from the trailers. Solemn political harangues were junked in favor of soap operas selling the Fair Deal painlessly to housewives. Instructions and exhortations from headquarters to the field went out as "Mimeograms" marked "For Your Immediate Attention." Campaign flyers and "Rainbow Dodgers" were re-written with F.D.R.'s old admonition in mind: "Make it simple enough for the women to understand—and then the men will understand it."

Uneasy during the 1946 fiasco, when, she felt, the party failed to speak out clearly on the issues, Mrs. Edwards enjoyed 1948 thoroughly. Washington is full of prophets who, they say, "knew all along that Truman would win." But India Edwards appears to have been one who really did. She went through the campaign, from its soggy

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beginnings at Philadelphia to its startling end at the Biltmore Hotel in New York, with almost mystic confidence.

There have been times, however, when India Edwards was ready to quit cold. One of them came when she was still a volunteer. For days she had tried to get through to Paul Porter (then a party Janizary) to obtain clearance on a radio script. He was too busy. She left messages. He never called back. Finally she strode into the antechamber of his office, seized the nearest of his secretaries, and exploded. Her ultimatum: He could phone her in five minutes, or she'd put on her hat. He phoned.

Mrs. Edwards had no more trouble with Mr. Porter. But she had to go through the same business with former Party Chairman Robert Hannegan. A tiff became the start of a friendly and effective relationship. From then on, Hannegan's office and his time were hers to command; and when McGrath took over, he received a long and earnest briefing by Hannegan on how to treat Mrs. Edwards.

Mrs. Edwards has no doubt learned a good deal from Mr. Truman. It is equally true that the President has learned a good deal from her. He was startled by her vigor at first, then settled down to knowing her, liking her, and (more significantly) trusting her judgment. She finds him inflexible in matters of party discipline and the chain of command. On his part, he never ceases to be surprised at her capacity to say what's on her mind in two minutes or less, and get out when she's through.

The President's confidence has helped Mrs. Edwards endure the pace her job demands. In 1949 she flew into twenty states on speaking engagements; she is dated up through September for more talks all over the country. Two or three days of every week she is "on the road." She and Mr. Edwards own a century-old plantation house fifteen miles from the capital, but they spend most of their time in their two-room Washington apartment.

Since the 1950 elections are a good nine months off, and the 1952 showdown a couple of years away, the party's campaigns are still technically in the warm-up stage. What life will be like for her and her division when the race really gets hot, Mrs. Edwards would rather not ponder. She is under no illusions as to her capacity to deliver "the woman's vote"—for the reason that no such thing exists. Unless a candidate goes out of his way to insult females *en masse* (as Willkie did with an ill-considered crack about Madame Perkins in 1940), the women, Mrs. Edwards agrees, can be trusted to vote almost identically with the men.

The Gallup poll of September 11, 1948, showed 36.5 per cent of the men favoring Truman—and 36.5 per cent of the women. The Crossley poll of September 1 had forty per cent of the men lined up for Dewey—and forty per cent of the women. The pollsters may have had their little differences with the voters in November; but no one has ever proved that they erred in sizing up the sexes.

Why women vote like men is something else again. To Frank Kent, of the Baltimore *Sun*, the answer is easy: "The net effect of the women's vote has been to give to most married men two votes instead of one." India Edwards could be pardoned for claiming it's exactly the reverse: Before she married him, Mr. Edwards used to vote the straight G.O.P. ticket. Now he's a steady Trumanite.

Women, Mrs. Edwards maintains, vote as citizens, not as women. They vote like their men because they're subject to the same economic and cultural pressures. They vote together as inhabitants of the same slum or the same mansion, as Alabama Negroes or as Boston Irish, as vassals of King Cotton or as dependents of coal.

Yet, even though there is no "women's vote" India Edwards's usefulness to the party is the proven capacity of her Women's Division to bring out the Democratic vote, masculine *and* feminine. There are certain issues, she believes, that matter deeply to women, and these she intends to hammer on throughout 1950: peace, the high cost of living, the price of medical care.

That doesn't mean, declares Mrs. Edwards, that women will vote one way and men the other on ECA, the Brannan Plan, or medical insurance. It does mean that women may swing the family vote to the party they think the more genuinely concerned over such matters.

The Republicans have no intention of letting Mrs. Edwards monopolize the women's loyalty. That is evident in, among other things, the efforts to boom Senator Margaret Chase Smith (R., Maine) as a candidate for Vice-President. The Old Guard may not prove overly serious about this when the 1951 convention actually rolls around, but it must appreciate the outraged flurry the move provoked in Democratic circles. Mrs. Roosevelt announced that the country was not yet ready for a feminine President; Mrs. Edwards, swallowing hard, agreed.

This belated Republican attempt to board the feminist bandwagon, as Mrs. Edwards not too objectively regards it, reminds her of the Woman's Suffrage Anniversary Parade held a few years ago in New York. All those suffragettes —approximately five hundred—who had taken part in the original 1919 protest march were urged to form ranks again. Some 1,200 turned out.

—BEVERLEY BOWIE

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morrison of New Orleans

The reform mayor has picked up a lot of votes—along with some non-reform practices and cohorts

The victory last month of Mayor de Lesseps Story Morrison in New Orleans's Democratic primary gave three striking proofs of the city's political health, and raised several important questions about the mayor himself as his second term was assured.

First of all, the voters seemed to have passed this particular examination with a cleaner bill of health than they have had in some time. Not only did more of them turn out for the primary, which of course is the decisive election in one-party Louisiana, than have ever done so before in the city's history. They also succeeded in burying both the "white supremacy" issue, which a small-time opportunist had tried to bring to life, and the state's Long machine, whose candidate, Charles Zatarain, was beaten by a two-to-one majority.

The primary vote established thirty-eight-year-old "Chep" Morrison as the most powerful public figure in Louisiana, where politics is a major industry. It also highlighted the problem of how much practical compromise a "reform" politician has to make to keep himself in office. Morrison, who piled up a record 120,000 votes against 65,000 for four other candidates, definitely proved that his victory was no fluke.

He won not only a personal triumph, but gained control of six of the seven seats on the city's Commission Council, which holds both legislative and executive power. The seventh seat will go to the winner of a runoff primary on February 28. The Morrison candidate is favored.

Morrison is a relatively unique type in Louisiana politics: He persists in making clean government a central issue. But most observers agree that his latest victory depended largely on a sensible adjustment to political realities, and so his career provides a good case history of an individual pursuing a successful course between ideals and practical politics.

Physically, the young mayor is highly personable. His head is small for his medium-sized, well-proportioned body, which remains trimly athletic-looking despite the mayor's lack of opportunity for exercise. His dark, flashing eyes suggest an almost indefatigably dynamic personality.

Morrison is an able, tireless talker, but a poor listener, who usually seems to be planning his next remarks as he waits for others to complete theirs. He is as sensitive to criticism as a Geiger counter is to uranium. Newspapermen who have criticized even minor phases of his administration have been accused of "flyspecking the program" and have summarily been reported to their publishers, who nearly always take Morrison's side in such controversies.

The mayor's youth was spent in New Roads, Louisiana, one hundred miles upriver from New Orleans. When his father died, the family was left to shift for itself, and young Morrison immediately began shifting very energetically indeed. He worked his way through Louisiana State University, where he received his law degree, by selling silk hosiery and performing various odd jobs. Despite this full schedule, he didn't stint his New Orleans social activities. He later married Corinne Waterman, who had been a New Orleans debutante.

Critics who referred to him as a "playboy" and "debutante's delight" when he became mayor in 1946, were presently confounded by a strenuous executive who worked twelve to sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, and never seemed to tire. All his moves are marked by a singleness of purpose that he apparently developed during his lean years at the university.

Although he entered politics in 1940 as a state representative in the reform administration of Governor Sam Jones, Morrison's practical political education seems to have taken place largely in the past few years. In the four years since he first won the mayoralty by the slimmest of margins, he has developed from a somewhat wide-eyed standard-bearer of reform into a skillful political operator. Billed as the reform candidate last month, he was able to preserve the stance of an independent while picking up the support of an array of professional vote-getters who delivered majorities in several sections of the city that had previously been impervious to the blandishments of "good government."

Morrison's new political assistants, by adding their thousands of ballots to the durable core of some sixty thousand reform votes, were responsible for building a slim Morrison majority into a landslide. As a result of this amalgam Morrison has had to become, politically, all things to all men. The mayor himself has, with characteristic candor, described the adjustment he has made:

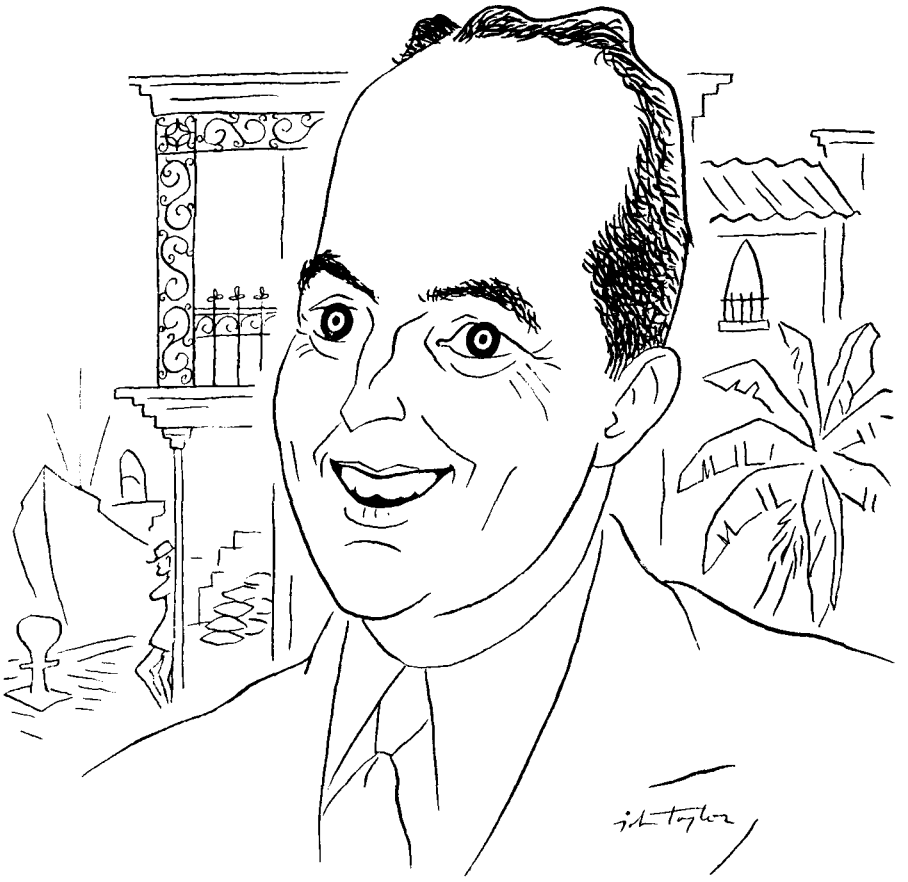
"You can't continue to give the people good government without winning

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elections. We added them (the professionals, many of them from the opposition ranks) to win."

Such a statement would have appalled the Morrison of 1946. It may yet appall his reform supporters, once the question of rewards for the professionals comes up.

But to date, despite the formation of a new machine, despite the return of several of the ills Morrison was pledged to abolish, New Orleans has enjoyed its most progressive, constructive, and able administration of the century. This achievement has been largely a one-man production. Legally, Morrison as mayor has no more power than the other members of the Commission Council. Practically, he has dominated this body by his personal drive, his ability to snip red tape, his impatience with the opposition, and his popularity with the electorate. Now, with no effective opposition within the council, his supporters are wondering how wisely he will use his increased power.



'Chep' Morrison

Materially, Morrison's accomplishments for the city have been substantial. The largest and most important has been the start of work on a union passenger station and a comprehensive street paving and drainage program. The fact that engineers warned the mayor that funds for completion of the projects were not in sight did not deter him from getting them started. His attitude seemed to be, "The Lord will provide." And the Lord—or the taxpayers—probably will. Other phases of the material change in New Orleans have been the establishment of the city's first modern recreation system, the construction of several small, but important, public buildings, and an excellent revision of the previously tangled fiscal system.

The fact that some of the smaller buildings have been erected by city workmen, in clear violation of the law requiring private bids on work in excess of a thousand dollars, hasn't fazed the mayor. Nor has the disparity between the original estimates of costs and the final outlay required. Morrison's unspoken conviction that the end justifies the means is nowhere more apparent than in the story of one of these buildings, a new structure for the municipal courts. Having decided the city needed the building, Morrison blandly informed the council that it would cost only fifty thousand dollars. It will really cost about three hundred thousand. When these facts were called to the public's attention by a newspaperman, Morrison unabashedly denied that he had ever told the council that the work would cost only fifty thousand. When evidence to the contrary was produced from the official record of council proceedings, Morrison said it was a typographical error, and anyway irrelevant to the principal issue—that the city needed the building and was going to have it, regardless of cost or the niceties of the law.

The Morrison administration is open to several major criticisms, most of them springing from the mayor's political opportunism:

Ward leaders of the former administration have been replaced by a new crop whose salaries range upward from $4,800 annually. In some cases, the duties of these men are far from exacting in relation to their pay.

The administration has been playing a cautious game of "footie" with the gambling element. Many citizens feel that any improvement in the enforcement of the gambling laws stems from pressure by newspapers, clergymen, and other members of the reform group, rather than from the administration's enthusiasm for the task. Numbers games have never been seriously curtailed, although bookmakers have been so harassed that most of them no longer find operation profitable. Automatic-payoff slot machines have completely disappeared, but pinball machines have multiplied, and one of Morrison's ward leaders is the attorney for the pinball operators.

The mayor's first Superintendent of Police, A. A. Watters, who attempted to translate into action the ideals of reform government, was forced to resign after he refused to conduct the department along lines suggested by Morrison's ward leaders.

Traffic-ticket fixing is flourishing to the extent that two-thirds of the offenders get off without paying fines, despite the issuance of a record number of violation slips. This veritable snowfall of tickets is linked by the administration with the sharp decline in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motor-vehicle deaths, but the number of non-fatal accidents has not been reduced.

New Orleans's Negro citizens, numbering nearly two hundred thousand, close to a third of the population, are undoubtedly faring far better than they ever did under preceding administrations. The revival of the "white supremacy" issue was attempted during the campaign by a scrawny, nervously erratic, political nondescript named Alvin A. Cobb. This unconvincing specimen of white supremacy received only 4,700 of the 185,000 votes cast in the primary. More important, his "defense of the ideals of the South," as he phrased it, helped turn out thirty-five thousand more voters than had ever turned out before.

Despite the raucous accusations of Mr. Cobb that the mayor is a "nigger-lover," segregation remains the city's rigid official practice. The New Orleans politician who attempted to abolish the practice would automatically end his career. The record and Morrison's own statements attest to complete public approval of this policy. "I represent the majority of the citizens and they are overwhelmingly for segregation," the mayor says. "This has been true for more than one hundred years. I believe most of the Negroes themselves favor segregation." Beyond this barrier, however, the administration has been the first that has conscientiously attempted to improve streets in Negro districts, and it has also provided playgrounds and public meeting places in something approaching a fair proportion. Negro housing and schools have also been improved, although school administration is under a separate agency not responsible to the city.

This record, plus Mr. Cobb's accusation that Morrison "has been giving the Negro citizens ten times as much as the white," banished whatever doubt might have existed in the minds of Negro New Orleanians on election day. Most of the 26,000 Negroes who were registered voted, and of these at least ninety per cent cast ballots for the mayor. Although Negro registration makes up only a small part of the 206,000 qualified voters, it has doubled in the past two years, and promises to double again by 1952. Because of the concentration of the Negro vote in certain areas, it gave two Morrison council candidates a decisive edge.

New Orleans has never been the scene of bitter racial hatred. The growth of labor unions, notably among longshoremen, has emphasized to thousands of workers the value of interracial co-operation. Moreover, the city has an historical background of tolerance, fostered by the mingling of so many races. When Mr. Cobb deplored the construction of a Negro golf course adjacent to a white neighborhood, and mourned that, "On this golf course big black men will chase little white balls," the response, for the most part, was amusement.

A clear-cut interpretation of Morrison's political behavior is difficult because he has taken so few stands of which one may say with assurance, "This is a clearly defined principle." The picture is rendered more cloudy by the diverse character of Morrison's political allies. His basic support, financially as well as in principle, comes from conservative businessmen, acting under the leadership of the anti-union, reactionary Times-Picayune Publishing Company, parent firm of the morning *Times-Picayune* and the afternoon *States*. In the last election he was also the choice of the Political Action Committee of the CIO and large segments of the AFL. An influential factor in the CIO support was the union's plan to unseat Representative F. Edward Hébert, an ally of Dixiecrat boss Leander Perez, next summer.

Contradictions, where principles are concerned, are constantly apparent in Morrison. On one occasion, he donned

overalls to help break a strike of sanitation workers. During a second strike, when city officials held the whip hand, he negotiated a solution favoring the strikers, despite his pledge to the councilmen that he would consult them before acting. The second strike occurred, it should be noted, not long before election day. As a gesture to organized labor, Morrison also created a new municipal post: Director of Labor Relations. But, interestingly, the job went to an otherwise unemployed ward leader from a labor area.

Morrison was notably silent during the last Presidential campaign; later he was reported to have supported Truman. Certainly he was not a Dixiecrat. His haste to grasp an opportunity sometimes leads to embarrassment. He enjoys nothing more than flights to Latin America, and on one visit to Argentina, he invited President Perón to visit the United States. The scandalized State Department hastily reported this breach of protocol to President Truman, who publicly reprimanded the young mayor for his plunge into international affairs.

At the state level, Morrison has definite plans. He will ask the next legislature, which will be more critical of the state administration than the last, for a home-rule bill freeing the larger Louisiana municipalities from state interference in purely local affairs. The object is to ward off further attempts by Governor Long to dominate New Orleans politically.

Reverberations from the beating that Morrison gave the machine's candidate in the recent primary are still shaking the Long machine from the bayou country along the Gulf to the hills of the Arkansas border. Rural opposition to Long has taken on considerable new impetus as a result.

The shadow of the victory has fallen across the future of Senator Russell B. Long, Huey's son and the governor's nephew, as well as that of Representative Hébert. Also in the political anxious seat are several New Orleans members of the state legislature.

Many people say Morrison has his eye on the governor's chair. He dismisses this possible aspiration with the statement, "We already have a candidate for governor." If, despite his coyness, Morrison were to find his way to Baton Rouge, he would be the first New Orleans Catholic to become governor in this century.

How much Morrison will sacrifice for this, or for kindred political ambitions, no one in New Orleans knows, but this question holds the greatest potential danger for the gains "Chep" Morrison has brought the city within the past few years. —JAMES SHARP

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freebooters of Indonesia

Led by 'The Turk,' a fanatic 'states'-rights' group plunges the young republic into new guerrilla war

On the night of December 8, 1949, a patrol of the Indonesian Republican Army saw a black, unmarked Douglas transport drop some supply-cases on the slope of a mountain in western Java. The soldiers sped to the scene, but there was no trace of the cases. The appearance of the mystery plane was nothing new; it had been dropping supplies and sometimes parachutists on the mountains since November, when the Dutch Army had moved out of the region. The Indonesian regulars who moved in have been raided sporadically by a band of outlaws belonging to the so-called Darul Islam, and it was assumed that the black aircraft was aiding them.

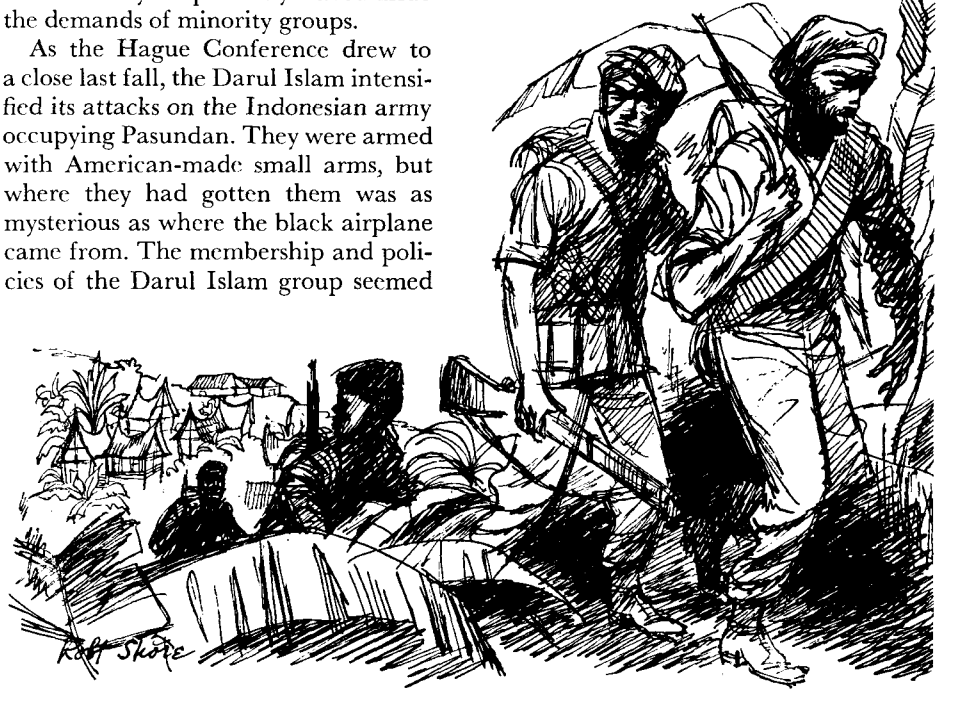
The Darul Islam group, an organization of fanatic Indonesian Moslems, was born during the guerrilla war with the Dutch, in which it fought against them. It has, however, little use for other Indonesians, whom it considers semi-infidels, and it is in open rebellion against the government at Batavia (recently rechristened Jakarta) which it detests as a secular régime. The aims of Darul Islam are fairly nebulous, but the main one seems to be a large measure of autonomy for the area where it is strongest, the small state of Pasundan in western Java, one of the sixteen states and "autonomous areas" that make up the United States of Indonesia.

Altogether these territories cover almost as much of the globe as the United States does. There are vast differences among the sixteen—not in race, but in density of population, economic development, native culture, and political history. Some declared their independence by outright revolt after V-J Day. Others were granted semi-independent status by the Dutch between 1946 and 1948, theoretically to decentralize the colonial system, but actually to weaken the strongest, most populous, and best developed state of the sixteen, the Republic of Indonesia. When the territories were drawn together by a constitution modeled after that of the United States, it was inevitable that a sort of states' rights movement would start up at once.

There were no envoys from the Darul Islam, or any of the other small Indonesian groups, at the conference in The Hague at which the Dutch gave the U.S.I. its independence. The negotiations were dominated by the Indonesian Republic, which comprises about two-thirds of Java in area and has half of the total population of all sixteen Indonesian states. The Indonesian Republic, which had started the revolt against the Dutch, considered itself the kingpin of the new federation, and its envoys impatiently waved aside the demands of minority groups.

As the Hague Conference drew to a close last fall, the Darul Islam intensified its attacks on the Indonesian army occupying Pasundan. They were armed with American-made small arms, but where they had gotten them was as mysterious as where the black airplane came from. The membership and policies of the Darul Islam group seemed even more mysterious after one Dutch correspondent reported that it had been infiltrated by Communists.

The fighting in Pasundan subsided somewhat for a month or so after the birth of the U.S.I., but then flared up dramatically in western Java. This time, while the irregulars of Darul Islam renewed their attacks in the hills, a motorized force of six hundred men, wearing the red and green caps of the special forces of the former Royal Netherlands Colonial Army, made a lightning dash into the town of Bandung, the capital of Pasundan. Within ten minutes, this group had shot up the town and captured the headquarters of the Indonesian Federal Army. It turned out that the group was made up mostly of half-castes who had enjoyed a favorable position under the Dutch. Bandung is a concentration point for



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dutch troops awaiting shipment home, and during the raid, the Dutch soldiers stayed in their barracks, but their commanding officer persuaded the rebels to withdraw after a day's sharp fighting. They warned that this was only their first raid. In the next few days, Darul Islamites took the railway junction of Tjimahi, paralyzed rail and road traffic through the whole of Pasundan, and even penetrated Jakarta.

The commander of the rebels, though he did not take part in the fighting himself, was a former Dutch Army captain, R.P.P. Westerling, nicknamed "The Turk." American newspapers did not mention at the time that he is also the acting head of a large political organization named RAPI—*Ratu Adil Persatuan Indonesia* (Organization for the Just Government of a United Indonesia), which stands for states' rights and opposes the central government at Jakarta. It is a league that includes Darul Islam and twenty-three other guerrilla groups which fear that the Indonesian Republic will dominate the archipelago.

Westerling has had a curious career. He was born in Istanbul, thirty years ago, the son of a Dutch father and Turkish mother, which explains his nickname. He has persistently refused to reveal whether or not he is a Mohammedan himself, but he knows a great deal about the Koran, which has no doubt strengthened his influence upon the Moslem fighters of Pasundan.

He lived in Turkey until 1940, when he somehow enlisted with the Australians in North Africa. The Dutch government in exile soon called him to England as an instructor of commando troops. In 1944 he was parachuted into occupied Holland, and played an active part in the underground. In September, 1945, he was parachuted into the Indonesian island of Sumatra, and when British troops landed he was made chief of their Counter Intelligence Bureau. After the British withdrawal he organized the Special Forces of the Royal Netherlands Colonial Army. This group of tough fighters consisted mainly of half-castes blindly devoted to their leader. In their struggle against their pure-blooded Indonesian countrymen they repeatedly committed ghastly cruelties, for which Westerling finally was called to account. Captain Westerling's political acumen was small; he preferred direct action to tedious negotiation; and more than once he clashed with the Dutch high brass. In November, 1948, he was cashiered out of the Netherlands Army.

He immediately went into the hotel business, opened a trucking firm, and started an export trade with Singapore on a barter basis. A few days before he started his raids, he told a Dutch correspondent that he was sending goods to Singapore, but he failed to mention what he got in return. It is strongly suspected that this trade was carried out by plane, and also that the plane was a Douglas.

In any event, Westerling made enough money to finance certain secret activities. According to his own statement, he founded RAPI in February, 1949. In order to achieve its aims, RAPI needed an army. In 1949, Westerling made contact with other Indonesian guerrilla groups. Darul Islam provided him with his first shock troops. The ranks of his invisible army were further swollen when the Hague Conference decided that the Netherlands Colonial Army would be merged with the Indonesian Federal Army. In this merger the pure-blooded Indonesians grabbed almost all of the key positions, and many disgruntled half-castes, mainly officers and non-commissioned officers of the special forces, deserted and went into the jungle. Westerling had little trouble getting them to join his bush-whackers.

At the end of the year Westerling felt strong enough for decisive action, and on the fifth of January, 1950, he addressed a polite letter to the government of the U.S.I. It said that in his opinion the army of the young state was too inexperienced and too badly led to insure order, especially in the state of Pasundan.

His dearest wish, the letter went on, was to turn Pasundan into a "strong and healthy" state, within a federation where all the territories would enjoy equal rights. He was acting, he said, on behalf of the greater part of the Indonesian population, who did not wish to be dominated by the Indonesian Republic. He proposed that henceforth law and order, in Pasundan first of all, should be upheld by the Indonesian Army in collaboration with the troops which he had the honor of commanding. His troops, he said, wanted a speedy decision; and, although he was trying to avoid premature clashes, he was slightly afraid that his high-strung followers might get out of hand if an affirmative answer did not reach him within the space of seven days.

Apparently this attempt at black-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mail was not taken seriously by the newly-formed government of the U.S.I. Most people thought that it was another of the many cloak-and-dagger adventures for which "The Turk" was renowned throughout the archipelago. During the seven days after he had issued his ultimatum, Westerling went about his business as usual, and nobody disturbed him.

The Dutch High Commissioner issued a curt declaration that the Dutch government had severed its relations with him a year before. He strongly condemned Westerling's ultimatum, pointing out at the same time that responsibility for law and order had been transferred by the Dutch to the sovereign U.S.I.

When the time was up, Westerling attacked. It was rumored at once that Dutch officials were backing him. Westerling himself told a Dutch correspondent that "some Dutchmen were actively supporting" him, and that "Dutch friends" had loaned him one fourth of the four hundred thousand guilders ($105,280) he had needed to organize and arm the RAPI and set it in motion.

Many Dutchmen, not yet reconciled to their defeat in what they still call "Netherlands India," view Westerling's antics with considerable glee. The suspicion that Westerling's revolt has strengthened the Dutch position in New Guinea, which the Dutch intend to retain as a Crown Colony, is highly significant in this connection. Some Dutch officers in Java are highly amused by Westerling's bold challenge to a government which gave a typical demonstration of oriental indolence by not arresting him while it had time to do so.

The inexperienced leaders of the U.S.I. have committed other political blunders which favored Westerling. The Indonesian Republic has already practically absorbed the state of Eastern Java—whether legitimately or not it is hard to say. It was clear that the weakly-governed state of Pasundan was to be next.

Understandably, but still very unwisely, Indonesian staff officers refused to give commissions to the best fighters of the Colonial Army, who have now triumphantly shown up the poor fighting quality of the relatively inexperienced Indonesian Repubican Army.

But the moral responsibility for Westerling's revolt rests with the Dutch. Their ruthless methods of restoring "order" have resulted, after four years of desultory fighting, in disorderly conditions all over Java. The Dutch attempt to lay down the law created whole armies of outlaws and *condottieri*.

The RAPI revolt flared up at a particularly unpropitious moment: It almost coincided with the arrival in Washington of Indonesian envoys soliciting a loan of one hundred million dollars from the Import-Export Bank. No conscientious banking executive will grant a mortgage on a house that is on fire; but it would be highly regrettable if the governors of the bank based their decision on this unhappy incident only.

The U. S. government has had a good deal to do with the birth of the young United States of Indonesia. Dean Acheson, a consummate diplomat, gave all the credit to the U.N., but it is widely known that the stern notes which the State Department sent to The Hague finally broke the stubborn resistance of the Dutch government.

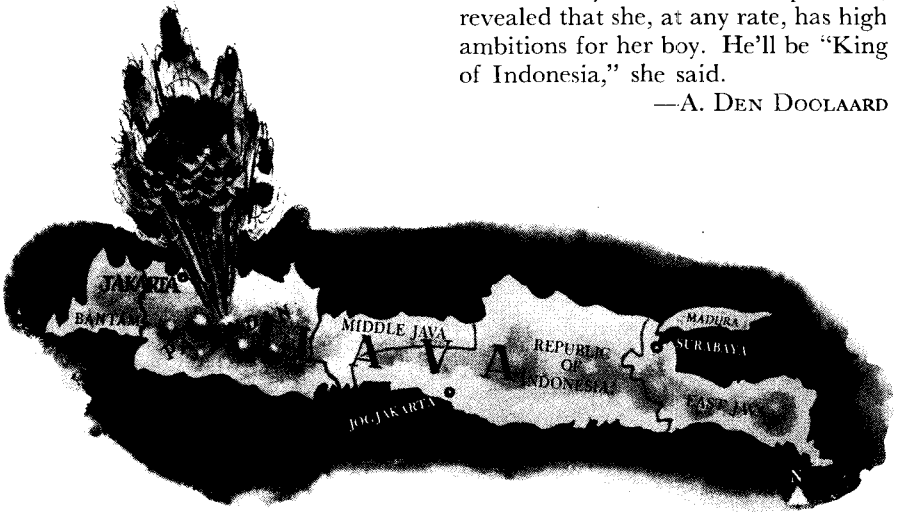
Its U.N. envoy declared to the very last that U.N.'s interference in "Dutch sovereign affairs" was unwarranted, while the Netherlands Prime Minister has more than once darkly alluded to "overwhelming pressure from abroad." It is easy to say, as Dean Acheson did recently, that the new states in Southeast Asia must fend for themselves. At that particular moment he could say nothing better, faced as he was with a dangerous revolt in Congress. But for the first decade they can fend for themselves no more than minor children can. Only a substantial dollar loan will enable Indonesia to boost its food production, to rebuild its badly-damaged railways, and to extend its rudimentary electrical-power system.

It seems to be an immutable law that a colonial territory that wins its independence by revolution sooner or later has to fight a civil war. Any revolting state contains incompatible elements, which usually manage to get along in the revolutionary period. Therefore, the present revolution probably will not end with the capture or death of Westerling, who has all the makings of a feudal warlord, although he denies wanting to be one. The states' rights movement in Indonesia is an unavoidable political phenomenon, upon which Westerling has exercised a catalytic influence, and it will continue with or without him until more stability has been achieved. It is to be devoutly hoped that the period of strife will be short.

When civil war flared up in the United States ninety years ago no world power was strong enough to interfere. The U.S.I. is as rich in potential resources as America was, but in all other respects, the newborn Indonesian federation is incomparably weaker. This weakness gives the present brawl its dangerous significance, because it is taking place in the shadow of Asia's heartland, where Communism has achieved a lightning victory.

Nobody knows quite what Westerling hopes to gain for himself and his followers. His mother in Istanbul, interviewed by a Dutch correspondent, revealed that she, at any rate, has high ambitions for her boy. He'll be "King of Indonesia," she said.

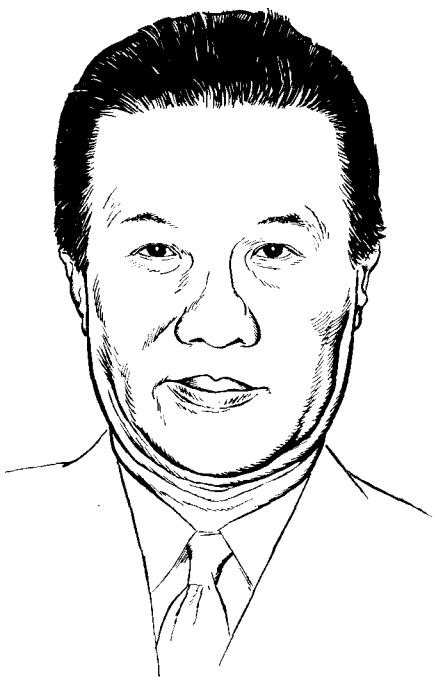
—A. DEN DOOLAARD



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indo-China

Viet Nam—Roadblock to Communism



Bao Dai

The U. S. government has recognized the Bao Dai régime in Indo-China. Are we backing a slightly face-lifted French imperialism or a genuine national state? The Soviet Union and Communist China have recognized the revolutionary movement of Ho Chi Minh, which controls much of the country. Ho's name means "Man who sees clearly." Do Moscow and Peking see Indo-China's future more clearly than Washington and London do?

On the answers hangs the fate not only of one nation but of all Southeast Asia. Indo-China borders on Burma, half-circles Thailand, and is a dagger pointing at Malaya and Indonesia. In 1941, shortly after Tokyo took it over from Vichy France, it was the Japanese jumping-off place for all four. If Indo-China can resist Communism, it will be a bulwark for all the area. If it cannot, none of the countries in Southeast Asia is safe.

The new state of Viet Nam contains the three major provinces of old French Indo-China — Tonkin, Annam, and Cochin-China—with twenty-two million of Indo-China's twenty-seven million people. Cambodia and Laos, the other two provinces, which the United States has also just recognized as separate kingdoms, each have another race and language. Laos is a tangle of mountain and jungle, with about 1.5 million backward people. Cambodia has three million leisurely people, the best dancers in Asia, and, at Angkor, some of the world's most deservedly renowned ruins. Both states are picturesque, but so unimportant that Ho Chi Minh's forces have not yet troubled to infiltrate them.

Viet Nam is important. Except for a million G-stringed Moï tribesmen in the uplands and a half-million busy Chinese traders in the towns, almost all its people share the same Annamite race and language—and a vigor rare in Southeast Asia. They grew the rice, tapped the rubber, and mined the coal that were Indo-China's most valuable prewar exports. Viet Nam's mountainous northern border is the best land line of defense against possible Chinese attack possessed by any country in Southeast Asia. The French, by their agreement with Viet Nam, have left 130,000 troops along that border—seventy thousand from metropolitan France, twenty thousand from the Foreign Legion, and forty thousand Moroccans and other Africans. Half of Viet Nam's own 110,000 troops are also stationed along or not far from the border.

West of Laokay, the border is an almost uninhabited area of high, roadless mountains, which no aggressor has ever tried to cross. From Laokay east to Moncay and the sea, the Viet Namese and French believe they are strong enough to stop any direct Chinese Communist attack, whether it comes down the Red River valley, across the mountains between Laokay and the sea, along the coastal strip, or by sea itself. Their defense net is also tight enough to keep any aid that Mao Tse-tung might send Ho Chi Minh down to a trickle.

Having toured all five provinces of Indo-China, I believe that Bao Dai has a much better than even chance against Ho Chi Minh, even if Ho is backed by Russia and China; that Bao's régime is essentially nationalist rather than French; and that our policy on Indo-China is the right one.

To show why I believe this, let me tell of a man and a town. The man is Bao Dai, a stocky, poker-faced type who shakes hands with an athlete's grip and talks flawless nationalism in flawless French. "The people of Southeast Asia," he told me, "will fight Communism effectively only when convinced that colonial days are over and that they are independent."

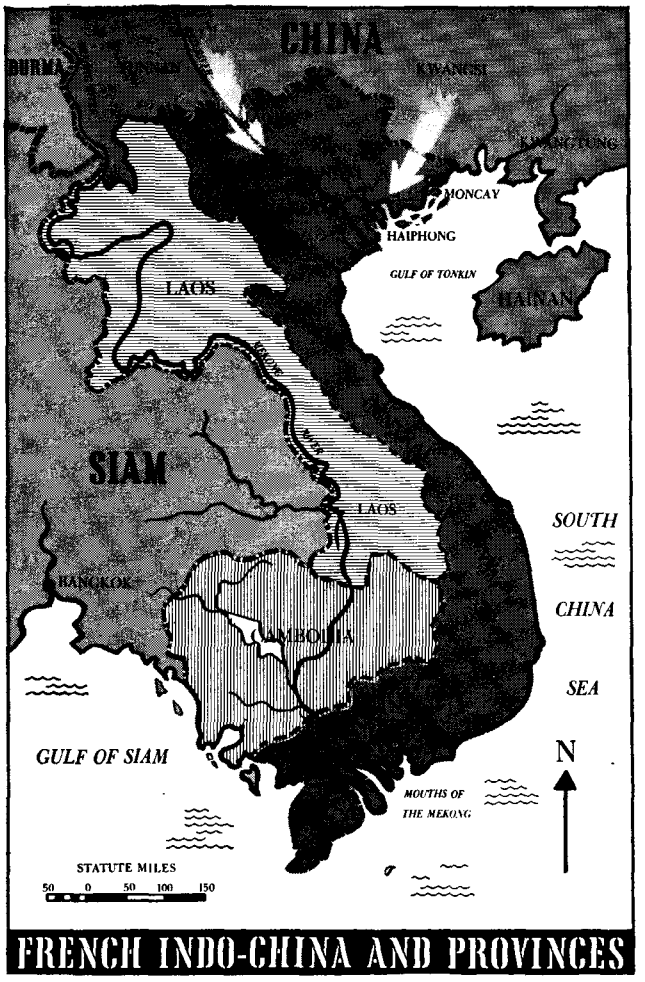
"Is Viet Nam fully independent?" I asked.

"Our agreements with France are a good start," he said, "and we are going on from there. The French can help defend and develop Viet Nam. But we will rule."

Bao Dai means it. The Viet Namese now realize that he does, though they weren't sure when he returned to Indo-China last April after three years in exile. Ho Chi Minh's Viet Minh movement still controls a lot of jungle, and sometimes strikes even at the cities by night. But Bao Dai has gained ground. Many nationalists who refused to enter a French-run régime are joining him. A typical one is Huu Tri, a slim, dapper man, who accepted no postwar office until last July, when he became Governor of North Viet Nam, the crucial region that borders China.

"Bao Dai is not the puppet that he was before the war," said Governor

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FRENCH INDO-CHINA AND PROVINCES

Reporter map by Gil Walker

Huu Tri. "Honest nationalists can work with him against the Communists."

As Emperor of Annam before the war, Bao Dai was certainly a French puppet. In those days he chased cabaret dancers, drove racing cars, and shot low-seventies golf. But his favorite sport was stalking tigers, elephants, and wild buffalo—which took intelligence and guts. Both traits are needed in the tangled, savage jungle of Viet Namese politics.

Ho Chi Minh's propagandists once sneered that Bao Dai would never dare return. When he did, they said that he would be assassinated. But in Hanoi, which Ho had proclaimed as his own capital, Bao Dai walked through a narrow street between fifty thousand people, any one of whom could have killed him with a pistol or grenade. The tombs of Bao Dai's ancestors are in territory outside the city of Hué which Ho claims to control. Each time he visits Hué, Bao Dai has driven out to worship his ancestors in an unescorted jeep. He has made such public moves often enough to prove that Ho's terrorism has won little popular following.

"Every statesman should have a sport," Bao Dai told me. "Both national and international problems can best be solved by approaching them in *l'esprit sportif*. I cannot gain support by bowing from a distant balcony."

Ho Chi Minh gained support as a nationalist. The shortsighted French attempt to keep Indo-China a virtual colony played right into his hands. Now, three years late and with the Chinese Communists perilously near, France is giving authentic nationalists their chance.

Like Mao Tse-tung, Ho long soft-pedaled his Communism. Only about one-fifth of his hundred thousand active followers are Reds. But Ho and every other key Viet Minh leader are Communist. He and his deputy, Vo Nguyen Giap, who commands the Viet Minh guerrillas, were both trained in Moscow. The Viet Minh radio, after two years of double-talk, now trumpets the straight party line. "The arrival of the Chinese Communists on our border," it has proclaimed since December, "is bringing the hour of triumph."

It is actually bringing an hour of decision. There is a growing rift between the hard core around Ho, who want the help of the Chinese Communists, and the great bulk of the Viet Minh, who fear it. The nearer the Chinese Communists have come the more forthright Ho's own Communism has become—and the more Viet Minh nationalists switch over to Bao Dai.

Viet Nam is now independent within the French Union, the new counterpart of the British Commonwealth. The French High Commissioner, León Pignon, however, still occupies the No. 1 palace in Saigon, while Bao Dai stays in a lesser edifice, confirming the fact that the country's independence is still considerably less complete than that we gave the Philippines in 1946. France has turned over to Viet Nam its own courts, finance, customs and immigration authority, railways, and utilities, helped it establish its first foreign missions, and now backs its admission to U.N.

The Viet Namese are bound to make mistakes; under the French they had little chance to learn how to run things. They have never had elections, or even local self-rule. Except for the Communists, they have no political parties —only leaders with personal followings of various sizes. The most remarkable is Ho Phap, the pope of Caodaism, a faith he founded in 1926 "to combine the best in all the world's religions." Caodaists believe in everything from Confucianism to Christianity, and worship God in the form of a huge human eye, "because God is all-seeing." Ho Phap claims two million disciples. He has an efficient private army of twenty thousand, which provides Bao Dai's personal guard, and fights Ho "because Communism is the mortal enemy of religion."

The lack of experienced leaders is one of Viet Nam's gravest weaknesses. "The Viet Namese are often better than Europeans in secondary jobs," said a Frenchman who has known them thirty years, "but they aren't used to primary jobs." The Viet Namese admit it—and blame the French. During nearly a century of control, the French did institute a fairly wide system of education (Viet Nam's forty-per cent literacy is among the highest in all Asia), some social services, and wide land improvements, which in the Mekong delta alone increased rice acreage from 620,000 to 6.5 million. The country prospered, but the French kept a tight grip on all authority. "The trouble," a top French representative in the Viet Nam capital, Saigon, told me, "is that before the war we French were here mostly to make money, and never tried to train the natives for eventual self-government."

Another grave threat comes from the half-million Chinese in Viet Nam. Only a handful are actual Communists, and even fewer have joined the revolutionary movement. But now many of the Chinese want to come to terms with

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mao Tse-tung. "Mao has agents here," said an intelligence officer in Hanoi. "We deport them, but they keep returning with different names. Some we have caught five times."

Though they are less than a fortieth of the population, the Chinese control almost all the local trade in Viet Nam, and could become a powerful Fifth Column. "The Chinese of Viet Nam are such opportunists that we cannot trust them," said Bao Dai's secretary, "but it is hard to be harsh with them when China is so big and so near."

The other minority group, the Moïs, are no such problem. Their G-stringed men, bare-breasted women, and naked children still lead a largely nomadic life. Last June, Bao Dai became the first emperor who personally took the oath of allegiance to the Moï tribal chiefs. Some Moïs have joined the armed forces against Viet Minh, and their jungle tracking skill is especially useful. The motives are not ideological; as one Moï told me: "The Viet Minh men are bad. They burn our camps and steal our cattle." When the French High Commissioner called all the leaders of Indo-China to their first postwar conference, the Viet Namese, Cambodians, and Laotians were full of complicated demands. The Moï high chief merely said, "I want a jeep." He got it.

Right after the war, the French lost precious time trying to return to colonialism. They are now trying to buy back that time in order to give Viet Nam a chance to organize itself against Ho and Communism. It is expensive. "We will spend more in Viet Nam this year than we can make from twenty years of trade with it," High Commissioner Pignon told me. But at a net 1949 cost to themselves of $255 million, the French have made real progress in supplementing self-rule in two strategic ways: by sending border reinforcements to keep Viet Minh and the Chinese Communists from effective physical contact; and by ousting the Viet Minh guerrillas from vital food- and rubber-growing areas of the country.

Under the independence agreement, "Viet Nam will have its own national army" but France can still send troops, "as a contribution to the defense of the French Union." The 110,000 Viet Namese troops which the French have trained have already taken charge in many areas. The French have moved most of their own 130,000 troops—by far the largest western force available anywhere from California to India—to the Chinese border.

In 1948 Ho and his men held nearly all of the key rural areas, including the Red River delta in the north and the Mekong River delta in the south, which together produce over ninety per cent of Indo-China's rice. In 1949, they lost these key areas, partly because of a new road-safety device that a smiling French colonel called *"un petit cachet médiéval."* This "little medieval touch" is a series of forty-foot towers, one built every mile or so along each road. Sentries watch the countryside from them, and have sharply reduced ambushes, and even the number of mines buried in roadbeds, as a dawn patrol from each tower digs up whatever the Viet Minh guerrillas have planted since sunset.

No country can long afford to use watchtowers for mileposts, but the device is helping the new régime. Viet Nam morale has boomed with the cut in casualties, while that of Ho's followers has fallen. "For two years," said one general happily, "I had to keep statistics of desertions to the Viet Minh. For the last two months all of my statistics have been made up of Viet Minh desertions to us."

Until the recent U. S. recognition, Viet Nam had had no concrete encouragement from Washington except the rather indefinite promise, made in the White Paper on China, that the United States would oppose any Communist aggression beyond China's borders. The Viet Namese stand guard on one of those borders, and may undergo that aggression.

Ho Chi Minh

The United States is now allotting Viet Nam fifteen million dollars' worth of military assistance under the Military Aid Program, and Washington is preparing to give the Bao Dai government early economic and Point Four assistance. In January, we told Bao Dai to list economic projects on which we might be able to give aid; his list reached Washington in early February. Of his list, one key U. S. official said: "Bao Dai asked the moon. But that's all right. We can rearrange the list and put priorities on the most worthwhile projects."

One such project that has especially caught Secretary Acheson's eye is the possibility of loans to small farmers to get their guerrilla-damaged rice paddies back in production. This will increase food supplies for food-short Asia, since Viet Nam is one of the few rice-surplus lands in that vast continent. It will also give Viet Nam's small farmers more reason to support a non-Communist régime than China's farmers had. India's Prime Minister Nehru has publicly doubted the Bao Dai régime's staying powers. If Viet Nam begins to export a lot of its surplus rice to hungry India, that might help change Nehru's mind.

On the Chinese border, a Viet Namese lieutenant smiled at me cheerfully. "We plan to hold fast," he said, "but we could do a much better job with more spare parts, especially for our American equipment."

In the interior a Viet Namese engineer pointed out the site of a proposed dam. "The French developed some of the country," he told me. "But a lot more needs to be done. We would welcome American help. This Point Four program sounds good."

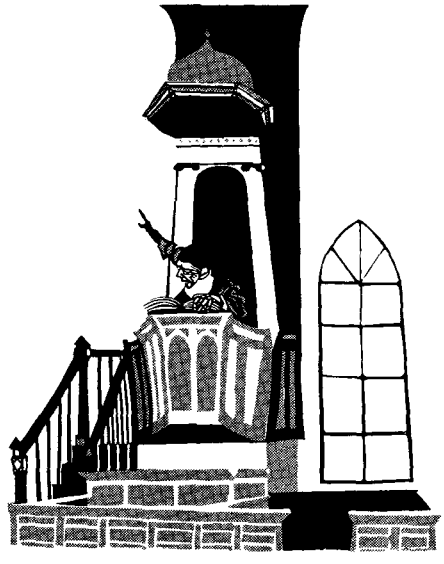
In Saigon a Viet Namese official said: "Both the old colonial powers and the awakening peoples of Southeast Asia need American aid if they are to get away from colonialism or Communism."

In Viet Nam, there is a good chance of avoiding those undesirable extremes. —SAMUEL G. WELLES

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

A Puritan Message for Moderns



Jonathan Edwards has fared badly in American history and literature. He expended his magnificent gifts and passions upon problems which to later generations seemed meaningless; and even to Edwards's contemporaries the major arguments of the great eighteenth-century Massachusetts divine had a subtlety and refinement which made understanding them difficult. Hardly less important, Edwards defied the ruling concepts of his time and community. He espoused a philosophy that was anathema to a heedless, exuberant, and optimistic young America.

Perry Miller, in *Jonathan Edwards* (Sloane, $3) looks at this immensely important theologian and moral philosopher from a modern perspective for the first time. Professor Miller has entered into the heart of Edwards's theological speculations and made them not only understandable but meaningful. With absorbing historical detail he restores to life the Connecticut River Valley where Edwards preached. Northampton, Massachusetts, becomes a microcosm, and within its confines is played out the intellectual and political drama which was to reach a climax in 1776, but upon which the last curtain has not yet fallen.

Jonathan Edwards has come down to posterity as a reactionary in social matters and an obscurantist in theology. From Miller's study he emerges as a man who saw through the conventionalities of his own day, laid the basis for a thoroughgoing, uncompromising social criticism, faced up to new developments in science and philosophy, and sensed the profound spiritual tensions which later generations were to endure. He becomes in many respects an American Kierkegaard—like Kierkegaard living apart from the great intellectual centers, speaking an idiom not generally understood, keeping much of his secret for discovery in a later day; and like Kierkegaard, too, in his passionate insistence on the inwardness of life and in the sense of dread and insecurity amid which he lived.

To see how this surprising transformation of Edwards is effected, we must enter briefly into the deep places of Protestant theology. The American Puritans had taken their stand upon the tenets of a pure and rigorous Calvinism. Man, in their view, was essentially evil; he could do nothing without God's grace, and yet he could not be assured of receiving this grace by any efforts or virtues of his own. It was at best a harsh doctrine, and a difficult one to maintain. The New Englanders, with their legalistic minds and common-law background, had softened it by what is known as the "federal" theology. The establishing of a covenant between God and man made the granting of grace a kind of bargain, with understandable terms and conditions. More ominously, they had begun (although they would have been violent in denying it) to be seduced by the Arminian heresy.

Arminianism is the more-or-less recurrent deviation which has resulted when Protestants stand back dismayed before the realization that their doctrine apparently imputes evil to God. By denying individual freedom of choice, predestination apparently makes God responsible for what the evil man does. The Arminians solved this dilemma by modifying the emphasis on predestination, conceding a new freedom to the will, and implying that man has the choice of accepting or refusing the proffered grace. However comforting such a doctrine may sound to modern ears, it has invariably had the defect of leading Protestantism toward a preoccupation with external morality rather than inward virtue.

The secular parallel of this theological development could be seen in the eighteenth-century rationalist philosophers of the Enlightenment. Man, it was argued, has a natural sense of benevolence, perhaps thwarted by lack of education, or by faulty diet, or by accident, but never wholly erased. As the obstacles to benevolence were removed, man would become more perfect and society would move in the natural path of progress.

These religious and secular tendencies carried the day. Liberal Protestantism and rational enlightenment together set the tone of America's utilitarian ethics, its business standards, its material progress, its optimistic literature. And the victory goes back, on at least one of the many fronts where the battle raged, to the eighteenth-century Connecticut Valley. Here the "river gods," as Professor Miller likes to call the up-and-coming entrepreneurs, shaped a utilitarianism sanctifying whatever they did, and from here, in pride and anger, they drove Jonathan Edwards in 1750.

That clash in Northampton two centuries ago was, Miller asserts, ". . . between America's greatest spokesman for absolute Christian morality and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

representatives of the American business ethic." At the beginning of a long process which was to bring Protestantism from its proud intellectual origins to the utopianism of a social gospel, Edwards confronted man with the stern necessity of worshiping God for his own sake, of being virtuous because of the inherent beauty of virtue, and not because of any calculus of pleasures and pains.

Europe in the sixteenth century had had its Erasmus and its Luther. Young America had its Franklin and its Jonathan Edwards. Erasmus and Franklin won out. In history, however, nothing is ever settled. Edwards could be exiled from Northampton, ignored by the apostles of enlightenment and progress, his teaching reduced to a remembrance of the hair-raising Enfield sermon on eternal damnation. But it is just possible, the author intimates, that the last word has not been spoken.

The formidable case against utilitarianism which Edwards elaborated was no mere reaffirmation of scholastic dogma. He went forward from these, with an audacity that was at times troubling even to himself, to incorporate what he called the "late improvements in philosophy."

In the writings of John Locke he found the clue to what was to become his "sense of the heart"—his profound insistence on the value of emotion. Locke had taught that an object is to be treated not of itself but as it is perceived by the mind, that experience and sensation provide the sole material of knowledge and basis of reasoning. Transmuted in Edwards's burning intelligence, this enabled him not only to rid himself at a stroke of medieval teachings, but to go forward to a renewed sense of the inwardness of all values. In Newton he found a clue to the relationship between things which made it possible for him to look with an entirely new candor upon the realities of spiritual existence.

The result of this adaptation of the latest disclosures in psychology and natural science was not a new theology, but a reaffirmation of the basic insights of Protestantism. Jonathan Edwards asked men to admit that some things in this world are evil, as death is evil to the living, and that, being evil, they cannot be sentimentalized or glossed over. He discarded the idea that the will waits upon the reason, with its soothing implication that the will can thus be domesticated and brought to heel, and affirmed the modern idea of the human being as a dynamic and rebellious organism. He restored to religious experience the intensity which in its best moments it has always possessed, and which ethical meliorism is continually threatening to drain away from it.

Stating the matter in this summary way necessarily oversimplifies it, suggesting that one has only to go back to Edwards's text to find the lessons written plain. The problem posed by Edwards's teaching is not as simple as that. Reading almost anything he wrote, as Miller says, one gets a feeling that the full meaning is being kept back. The original texts often reveal wearisome and almost unintelligible argumentation. Professor Miller's great contribution is that he not only expounds these texts, but enters into them, and into the historical incidents from which they grew, with creative imagination.

Nothing, for example, is so puzzling to present-day readers as the exaggerated and almost sordid exuberance of the Great Awakening. Edwards's own part, climaxed by his fearsome sermons on hellfire, seems at odds with the man's religious purity as well as his austere and cultivated intelligence. Yet in the rhetoric of these sermons, Professor Miller shows persuasively, there was an art consistent with his mature philosophy, and the motive which underlay them was fundamental. ". . . scientifically, deliberately," says Professor Miller, he "committed Puritanism, which had been a fervent rationalism of the covenant, to a pure passion of the senses, and the terror he imparted was the terror of modern man, the terror of insecurity."

The doctrine of Edwards's *Freedom of the Will,* to take another example, seems incomprehensible to most modern readers, its denial of choice being at odds with all of our presuppositions. In it Edwards attempted to turn the tables on the liberals and rationalists of his own day, insisting that by cultivating the illusion of self-will they, and not he, had reduced men to automata. Arminianism offered the "river gods" the choice of fulfilling their destiny as they pleased (which usually meant making as much profit as they could); it left them torn between unintelligible, conflicting forces. "But what dignity or privilege is there," cries Edwards, "in being given up to such a wild contingence as this. . . ?" It is a question with which every modern must grapple.

Perhaps most difficult of all to comprehend is Edwards's *History of Redemption.* It is hard to believe that the man who mastered Locke and Newton should have maintained such seemingly naive views about the course of history and the end of the world. Yet the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

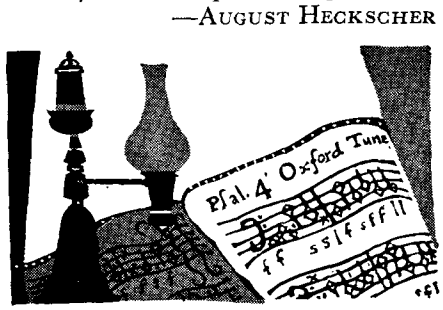
concept of a "finishing state"—where all, in Edwards's words, is spent "in finishing things off which before had been preparing, in summing things up, and bringing them to their issues"—is not alien to modern Protestantism. Today we have insights on historical processes beyond those of the eighteenth-century divines. Civilizations rise and pass, yet as time unfolds there are moments when inherent fallacies seem to be raveled out, and to stand self-revealed in a shattering light. There comes, quite literally, a day of judgment, of inevitable reckoning and accounting.

Professor Miller's study is extraordinarily suggestive in its contribution to American history, for it casts much new light on the generation that preceded the Revolution. It recreates an important chapter of our intellectual history. But beyond this, the book is important as a sign of what may become a new general interest in the theology of Protestantism.

Modern Protestantism has been divided between a fundamentalism at war with science and a liberalism that is devoid of content and colored by secularism. The intelligent layman, conscious that he is the inheritor of a religious tradition which has somehow played a major role in the shaping of his world, usually has been unable to see what real relevance it can have for his day.

Professor Miller toys in one passage with what might have happened had Edwards lived to carry on his work with his full vigor for another ten or twenty years. The faith which he could then have passed on, Miller says, would have been an orthodoxy oriented toward science, infused with a love of beauty, and articulately critical of the ethics of a materialist civilization. The work that was thus obscurely and imperfectly outlined in the wilderness is, partly thanks to Professor Miller, still not beyond the hope of completion.

—AUGUST HECKSCHER



Gable's Secrets—Pocket-Size

GABLE'S SECRET MARRIAGE. *By Louella Parsons. 64 pp. New York: Dell. $0.15.*

Three weeks after the marriage of Clark Gable and Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley (née Hawkes) last December 20, the Dell Publishing Company was on the stands with a handsomely illustrated and highly-informative little volume on the subject.

The "love story . . . of an Ohio farm boy" and the daughter of a London innkeeper, who "married not one British peer—but two," is told by Miss Parsons with both sympathy and understanding. The marriage came as a surprise even to Miss Parsons, who is "not exactly slow to recognize a romantic spark if it has been ignited." The lovers "kept their big secret as quiet as it was humanly possible," except that: "They had to tell Howard Strickling, not only because he is a close friend, but because he is also the head of MGM's publicity department."

"Early Tuesday morning," Miss Parsons goes on, "a beaming Gable called for his bride at the beach house. 'Honey,' he said, 'we will have to use your car. Mine got sideswiped driving home from your house last night!' They drove in the back seat, holding hands, completely engrossed with each other, while, in another car, came Howard, a cameraman, and a woman assistant from the MGM publicity department." Apparently the secret was still safe with the MGM publicity people as the couple proceeded to San Luis Obispo, the trick of driving in the back seat being well calculated to throw the hounds off the scent. "But the moment the best known actor in the world entered the French Clinic to take the health test . . . necessary for every California marriage, the jig was up!"

Hurrying through a simple ceremony, at which Mr. Strickling was best man, the couple set sail for a honeymoon in Hawaii. Meanwhile, Mr. Strickling took a plane for Honolulu, still striving to keep the nuptials out of the headlines, and to arrange for full picture coverage of the honeymoon.

Miss Parsons, who seems to be the confidante of everyone in the film colony who makes over $32.50 a week, delves into the past of both bride and groom in her book. "Looking back over both their lives—at the great loves and equally great tragedies in them," she is "sure that some stronger influence than we can explain mysteriously guides our lives." Both had been married several times, and had dates "in the casual Hollywood way." But there had been only one Great Passion in each of their lives.

Miss Parsons was astonished when Mary Pickford, who was then the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., announced her decision to divorce him so that he would be free to pursue Lady Ashley. "For the first time in my career I forgot the 'scoop' right in my hands and talked with Mary for an hour, trying to argue her out of breaking up the royal home of Hollywood. . . . But Mary was adamant. She felt her dignity and her position as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks called for definite action, so she told me if I did not want to run the story she would give it to someone else."

Miss Parsons ran it.

"I happened to be at the party the night Clark met Carole Lombard," Miss Parsons reveals, and "The next day, Carole telephoned and said, 'Well, I guess I'm in love again!' "

Years passed.

Stunned by the deaths of Fairbanks and Lombard, Sylvia and Clark had been playing the field in a desultory fashion. But now "some stronger influence" has brought them together.

Miss Parsons, who has devoted herself to sharing just such secrets as these in her newspaper columns, reaches a new audience with this book, the first printing of which numbered four hundred thousand copies. The book's format, which bears a striking resemblance to that of *Quick* magazine, offers all sorts of possibilities to enterprising publishers. As one enthusiastic Dell executive puts it, "the one-shot magazine formula is the quickest and the most profitable way of exploiting a personality in the news. Now that we see how to do it, we could handle things like Rita Hayworth or even Ingrid Bergman."

—ROBERT K. BINGHAM

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South American election posters: "The head of the government is in the hands of the people."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT ISSUE

WHAT PRICE BIG GOVERNMENT?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED